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A REFLEX OF THE DRAMATIC EVENTS OF THE WEEK.

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NYM CRINKLE'S FEUILLETON

The Effect of the Size of a Man's Country on His Theatrical Taste—Pinafore with the Elements of Bigness—A Panoramic, Processional Parade with a Sawdust Flavor—Motion, Not Emotion, the Trick for the Masses—Little and Big Women on the Stage—A Play with a Ghost—Hearing a Play Read at Goat Island—Why Crinkle Hates Mackaye More Bitterly Than Ever.

You wouldn't believe it, but the size of a man's country has something to do with his theatrical taste. A Rhode Islander doesn't want as big a show as a Texan.

And all Americans have a greater admiration for big things than Englishmen or Frenchmen. You see this in the size of our Sunday morning newspapers, in our apartment-houses, in our spectacles, and in our public dinners.

I was talking with a comparatively modest bank clerk the other day who gets a salary of fifteen hundred dollars, and he was especially proud that he lived in a house—The Choctaw I think he called it—that is bigger than Windsor Castle.

Not long ago an American girl who had been travelling abroad told me with a look of native complacency that the Escurial was not as big as the Massachusetts State Insane Asylum; that the Croton Aqueduct would make two pyramids, and as for the historic Bastille, that fire-proof storehouse in Forty-second street would have made two Bastilles.

When you come down to our theatrical stage, I have heard people say that the greatest performance of Romeo and Juliet they ever saw was given at Booth's Theatre when they had seven Juliets in the cast.

I was thinking of all this as I watched the production of that worn operetta, Pinafore, at the Madison Square Garden the other night. It had all the elements of bigness—big audience, big stage, big chorus, big ship, big noise. A sportive bit of satire whose merit originally lay in its compactness no less than in its tunefulness was exaggerated out of all proportion; its extremities of chorus running away with its centres of meaning; ensemble taking the place of sense and pretty girls swarming all over everything like locusts.

It was like a field review. It was panoramic, processional, a kind of school parade that kept the eye busy; but opera—bah! As well call Barnum's three rings a psalm. There was a sawdust flavor to the whole show that made one feel like being in a tent.

But a big animated picture will always catch the multitude. They can always understand something that keeps in motion and is estimated in numbers, let it be a St. Patrick's day parade or a ballet.

Motion is the trick for the masses, not emotion. I know a coffee dealer who couldn't make people look into his windows. He announced in flaming letters that his "Mocha was given away." Java was offered at "less than cost, and "pure tea" could be had "for a song."

But he couldn't pay his rent. One day a shrewd man said to him: "You don't get along. What's the matter?"

"Don't know," said the coffee merchant, "They won't stop and read my placards."

"I'll tell you what's the matter," said the shrewd man. "Your signs are too quiet. You must give 'em action. You're behind the times. 'Mocha' ought to revolve and 'Java' ought to flop over, while 'Pure Tea' must oscillate. They make machines to do it."

He took the advice, and one day there was a crowd round the window. "Mocha" went up and down and "Java" came slowly into view at regular intervals on a cylinder. The crowd gazed entranced, and then went in and bought coffee.

If you ask the French modiste on Fourteenth street how she got rich she will tell you it was by making those wax figures revolve. So long as they stood stark and motionless there was no fun in it. The moment they began to swing round on their pedestals people took a new interest in them and wanted to rush in and buy something.

I don't think I need say anything more about Pinafore. A route was given to every chorus-girl, and she travels in the performance according to diagram, and at times they all looked as if they were hunting for Mr. Hilliard's voice.

Somebody ought to call attention to the acoustic properties of the Madison Square Garden for light opera.

With the single exception of the Central Park, I don't know any place like it.

I said once to Rose Eytinge that comic opera was a sort of stage carrion and the girls were the Summer flies.

"No," said she, "not the girls, the newspaper men, for they blow it."

And, by the way, that reminds me that she pointed out to me that there is one thing the Americans did not like big. It is their women. Perhaps that is true. Little women have made the most money on the stage. It would take several Cushmans to earn Lotta's fortune.

It's simply a question of the stately or the frisky; and if the frisky wins, does it not corroborate what I have been saying about motion?

I see that our friend, Tom MacDonough, who has been writing a play for a long time is ready to send it out to the world. There is a

ghost, a philosophical trick that was originally done by Professor Pepper at the London Polytechnique, and to utilize which at least fifty plays were written. At one time every theatre in New York had a Pepper ghost.

And here, speaking of new plays, I was up at the Falls of Niagara a week ago, and there I met Estelle Clayton, who asked me to come over to Goat Island and hear her read a play.

A glorious June morning, a beautiful woman, and Goat Island! How could a play fail to impress me? I thought it was the cleverest piece of work I had heard in a long time. I made her read the last act over again. "What a romantic atmosphere!" I cried.

"What, here?" she asked, waving her hand out over the rapids.

"No," I replied, "there," pointing with my horny-handed fist at her manuscript. "Where did you get it?"

window, and I made up my mind about the play.

Alas, do you know what it was I thought? Simply this: I thought it a much better piece of work than before.

Take my word for it, Miss Lenore, if played as well as it is written, will have an interest second only to Camille, but with none of Camille's objectionable features.

I should very much like to hear a manager's opinion of that play. It is so simple, so touching, so naive and tearful that perhaps he will not see it. And then, too, who can play these tender, sweet and simple things?

If she takes it to Hayden and Dickson they'll begin at once to make a route for it, after which they will suggest to her that she ought to put Gilmore's Band in one scene and a regatta in the other, to fit their route.

NYM CRINKLE.

P. S.—One word more about Steele Mac

next season every cake of soap and package of cigarettes will have Lytton's head on it.

And when you have once convinced the American public that a woman is a "dream," they will put up with more weak acting than any people on earth.

Of course I hate Mackaye more bitterly than ever now. But I am bound to say that the houses in Buffalo grew so big toward the close of the week that Meech tried to buy Carleton off and get Anarchy in for another six days. But Carleton was like a man who owns a shanty between two palaces and is perfectly willing to sell—at his price. N. C.

Mr. Sothorn's Predicament.

There have been no further developments in the Dauvray-Sothorn matter. As the case stands at present, Manager Daniel Frohman refuses to pay the \$3,000 which Miss Dauvray asks for the release of the comedian, and the result is that Mr. Sothorn will appear in The Highest Bidder and one or more other comedies under Mr. Frohman's management in the Spring and Summer of 1888, when his contract with Miss Dauvray has expired, and he will be paid his salary by Manager Hayden and be allowed to remain idle from the beginning of Autumn this year to May 1, 1888. It is settled that R. C. Hilliard has been engaged to play the leading opposite parts to Miss Dauvray next season.

To a MIRROR reporter Mr. Frohman said: "My original arrangement with Mr. Sothorn was for the season following next. I do not think that Miss Dauvray is doing justice to herself in proposing to pay Mr. Sothorn his salary and keep him idle, and thus prevent him from making use of his chances. On the other hand, Mr. Sothorn is quite willing to play for Miss Dauvray next year according to the original contract. In justice to him I would like to say that he did not sign with me until three weeks after he had informed Miss Dauvray and her manager."

Miss Vokes' Season.

"The season of the Rosina Vokes Comedy company, which lasted just nine months, has been, on the whole, successful," said Cecil Clay to a MIRROR reporter the other day, "and in spite of Miss Vokes' illness we come out a great deal ahead. My wife was ill two or three months, and at the end of the New York engagement we were \$10,000 to the bad. But we managed to pull up on the Philadelphia, Boston and Chicago engagements. We had a big company—eighteen people in the cast of The Schoolmistress—and what with the increased cost of transportation we had an enormous expense."

"For next season we will probably have the same company, with the exception of W. G. Elliott, whom we lose, as he is obliged to stop at home for family reasons. Courtenay Thorpe, who has gone over, will be on the lookout for fresh talent, and we will probably ratify all the engagements he makes. Weedon Gro-smith, Helena Dacre and Agnes Miller have gone over, and will likely return to us again."

"We will try two new plays next season—The Circus Rider, a comedy in one act by Mrs. Doremus, and a three-act comedy by a man named Glover. We shall keep on the list My Milliner's Bill, The Double Lesson and The Game of Cards, which was produced in Chicago, but has not yet been seen here. It is a pretty little piece, but Miss Vokes does not appear in it. Then we shall produce, occasionally, A Pantomime Rehearsal, Caste, and perhaps School. We are doubtful about Robertson's comedies, as we do not think they have any great drawing power in this country. We shall not play The Schoolmistress any more. The play drew large only in Boston and Philadelphia."

"We shall spend the Summer in visiting Saratoga, Newport and Bar Harbor, and shall very probably go home to England but for a very short time, and the stay will be devoted entirely to business. Our next season opens at Hooley's Theatre, Chicago, in September. All time is booked in the large cities."

Tom Craig's Wife is the title of a new melodrama that is to receive a first production at the Bijou Opera House on Tuesday afternoon, June 28. It is from the pen of Ardennes Foster, a staff-member of Harrison's Silver King company. Della Stacey, of Washington, daughter of the late Colonel M. H. Stacey, who was a member of General Hancock's staff, will assume the leading role of Mrs. Craig. She is a debutante, and a pupil of Ross Rand.



LIZETTE LEBARON.

politic air of mystery about the authorship of Travers House. Nobody who knows MacDonough and has heard the play read doubts for a moment that he wrote it himself. A man will put himself on paper to shrewd critics. I heard the play read several months ago by Mr. MacDonough, and you can sometimes tell by the way a man reads a play and gives you the author's own meaning—who wrote it. The distinctive thing about Travers House is its supernaturalness. Mr. MacDonough, like several million other intelligent people, believes that the supernatural is only another name for the natural, and that the mystery of Hereafter is the most interesting and widespread of human themes.

Travers House is then, in a sense, a ghost story, and it is for that reason, if for no other, intensely interesting. In it will be revived for the first time in many years the optical illusion which was once known as the Pepper

"Made it," said she.

Visions of Favette made me doubt it. "What do you call it?"

"Miss Lenore."

"Well, I shall not express myself further here. Read it again to me some evening in a stuffy New York parlor, with an elevated train passing the windows every ten minutes—or, better still, get somebody else to read it. Then I'll give you an opinion."

She did. Alas for human nature! I thought over it a good deal. There was a subtle influence like an odor that clung to my memory. The heroine seemed to me to belong to the mists of the cataract; it was the most delicious bit of romance and pathos I had enjoyed for months.

But when I came to hear it read again, it was in a dingy office. The reader was a man. The evening was wet. The lemonade was weak. The mosquitoes came in at the open

kaye. You may think I have already said a good deal about him. Let me mention that he reads THE MIRROR attentively and does not like what I said. He told me so to my face—to my very face. He regretted that I said what I did about Lytton, because she's a "dream of beauty," and when he has properly coached her will play the part of Diane in Anarchy admirably.

About the "dream of beauty" I have nothing to say. I should like to have a cast of Lytton's head myself for my dining-room mantel. But about her playing the part of Diane. I have my doubts. Mr. Mackaye has made his role so big that mere beauty will not fill it. I don't blame him for wanting to coach her. I'd like to coach her myself. Everybody does. I believe every member of the company that was masculine offered to give her lessons.

The result of all this is going to be—that

The Musical Mirror.

WALLACE'S THEATRE—JACQUETTE.

Duke of Parma..... Alfred Klein
Countess Bianca..... Marion Manola
Le Chevalier Pomposio..... De Wolf Hooper
Captain Peripignac..... De Wolf Hooper
Hubert Wilke..... Harry Macdonough
Gratiosus..... Carl Irving
Jacquette..... Mathilde Cottrelly
Bettina..... Celia Ellis
Girafio..... Jeff De Angeli
Carlo..... Grace Seavy

So far as the book is concerned, *Jacquette* is a fair average specimen of good material ill employed. It relates the fortunes of a gay young officer from the French Court, who, having been caught flirting with the King's reigning Sultana, is sent to the Duke of Parma, with instructions to give him an appointment, but severely punish any indulgence in his favorite falling. Just here arrives his cousin *Jacquette*, who loves him tenderly, and, to save him from the penalty of his incorrigible philandering, dons masculine dress and is married to a Countess. The resultant disguises, misunderstandings, tricks and complications, with the comic persistence of the detective *Girafio*, bent on catching the young Captain in open fault, make up the substance of the piece. The *dramatis personae* is good, and with clever treatment, with an action and dialogue at once bright, rapid and concise, might have been developed into a very diverting play. Just what it may have been in the original it is hard to say. In the adaptation of Mr. Goodwin it is slow, confused and tedious. There is, as usual with this company, an uncomfortable prevalence of Hopper, and amusing as this gentleman unquestionably is, it is possible to have too much of him.

Of the music, by Andre Messager, not much need be said. It is rather more distinctly trite and plagiaristic than its class, and with the exception of a pretty air here and there, notably the lullaby in Act II., it may be set down as commonplace and cheap. It received—the music, that is—acclaim justice at the hands of the solo artists. Hubert Wilke is a handsome fellow, but a stiff and affected actor in romantic parts, and sings, often, very ill. When he has a chance to stress his two or three fine upper notes he makes good effect with them; but the role of *Peripignac* is low for his voice, and, musically speaking, he seemed to be entirely at sea. Marion Manola sang the Countess with rather more of wiry tone and defective style and intonation than usual, and Mathilde Cottrelly, though clever and easy in her comedy work, seems to have definitely retired from business as a singer.

Of course Hopper was funny as Pomposio; but to be funny till 11:15 P. M. is a severe strain on actor and auditor alike. When will people, in dramatic matters, appreciate the value of the old proverb *ne nimium*, and recognize that the first glass of champagne always tastes better than the third or the fifth!

Alfred Klein was very droll, in his peculiar way, as the Duke, and De Angeli developed the contortionist features of *Girafio* to their utmost capacity.

The chorus sang very well and the staging was pretty. Altogether *Jacquette*, as a light Summer garment, may fit loosely and easily for a season; but there is really no ostensible reason why any of its immediate predecessors of the last month or two would not do as well or better.

Nothing was needed to convince us that Summer has really come but the production of *Pinafore* on a wholesale scale at the Madison Square Garden Monday night. There were more sisters, cousins, aunts, sailors and marines in the representation than ever was known before, and less enjoyment in the performance as well. It needed a better cast and a more desirable auditorium than are here provided to galvanize the revered operatic chestnut into a semblance of life. The merit of *Pinafore* lies in the delicacy of its satire and the daintiness of its score. These of course were lost in the big Madison Square barn. Only a select few in the front chairs could hear the words, and the words were so badly spoken that the lot of those to whom they were entirely inaudible was enviable.

The principals, in the fruitless endeavor to fill the place with sound, squall and squawk in a manner awful to contemplate. The chorus makes the spectator uneasy by its perpetual, restless movement, and the blasphemously irrelevant satirical specialties introduced in the first act shock his artistic sensibilities beyond description. It is enough to say of the people that Charles Coote has no conception of the character of Sir Joseph. Gustavus Hall vells the music of the Captain like a Comanche Indian, Harry Hilliard might as well be a mute for all that can be heard of Ralph Rackstraw's numbers, Emma Henry as Josephine threatens to damage if not utterly destroy her vocal organs, Sylvia Gerrish shields her incapacity as Hebe behind a pretty face and a petrified smile, and Dell Kellogg in the role of Buttercup is as confidential as the fellow that wants to borrow a dollar.

The scenic setting of the piece is good, but interest in the spectacular side of the perversion of Gilbert and Sullivan's satire is not sufficient to satisfy the cravings of the intelligent observer. The great space of the Garden gives ample room for scenic achievement. The stage forms the deck of a full-sized man-of-war. The front of it is painted to represent the side of the vessel. Between this and the audience there is a long, narrow tank of water over whose surface several boats float in with the Admiral and his numerous rela-

tions. The backcloth is a view of Portsmouth Harbor. The scene is chiefly remarkable from the fact that it was painted in a surprisingly short time. The canvas is nearly 2,600 square yards. It was begun by Phil. Goatcher on Thursday morning last. With eight assistants, including George Dayton, Jr., Sydney Childley and Leon Moehn, he finished it by Saturday night.

Erminie holds on its way rejoicing at the Casino. The public does not weary of those merry rogues, Ravens and Cadeaux, or of the bright and catchy music that enlivens the representation.

At the Theatres.

Edwin F. Mayo acted the part of Davy Crockett on Monday night before a numerous and somewhat noisily appreciative audience, which called him before the curtain after each act. A masterly performance of the role, full of natural, unstrained acting, showed the artist to have had a studious experience of the art, however short his public career behind the footlights may have been. With a quiet, unconscious manner, often humorous, his style reminds the spectator in many points of that in Jefferson's *Rip*, while his careful attention to minor details is also considerably after the fashion of that admirable actor. This quietude of action and utterance has no trace of colorless neutrality, but, on the contrary, serves as an admirable background for occasional bursts of passion. Taken altogether, Mr. Mayo is a young actor of much promise, provided, nevertheless (as the legal gentry say), that he does not stop short in study nor rest content with his progress.

The heroine, Eleanor Vaughn, was acted by Ludwika Young. Her acting was painstaking. Devoid of passion and colorless where her part affords splendid chances, most in colloquial passages. Her defective elocution in the reading of "Young Lochinvar" was painfully apparent. The Oscar Crampton of Eugene Douglas was well considered and carefully acted, and so was Parson Almsworth by F. O. Savage. Adolph Jackson's utterance as Neil Crampton was defective. Thomas Hamilton was decidedly disappointing as Major Royston. His acting in the first act was a ridiculous caricature and in the last wretchedly tame, although the situation offers an unusually fine opportunity. The rest of the support were acceptable. The piece was fairly staged, the first scene being really pretty.

Hicks and Sawyer's Minstrels opened at the Third Avenue on Monday to a good house that appeared to be delighted with their efforts to amuse. The company is not very strong in its first part, there being a lack of harmony in most of the choruses, though the solos were very well rendered. The olio was excellent, including as it did Thomas McIntosh, William Speed, Charles Pope, Charley Hann and a number of clog-dancers, prominent among them being John Evans, the star dancer of the company. Next week, Ada Gray in East Lynne.

The Black Hawks was presented by Arizona Joe and his company at the Windsor Monday night before a slender house—top-heavy. Arizona Joe did his usual good shooting, and played the characters of Chromo and Mr. Sherwood and Rocky Mountain Detective very fairly. Drew Morton made a good Tom Slavin. J. C. Vincent as Tom McBride and Thomas Mott as Bob Seymour afforded fun, and were clever in specialties. Ben Brown, as Isaac Levy, a Hebrew, was excellent as to dialect. Mary Tucker as Flora Ashton and Dolly Noonan as Rachel Levy were fair. Next week, Chanfran in Kit, the Arkansas Traveller.

The Golden Giant continues to the end of this week at Niblo's. On Monday next Travers House will be brought out.

Frank Mayo's second week in The Royal Guard is proving decidedly successful in drawing large and appreciative audiences. In its new form and with its excellent cast the old story has an effective setting.

Mr. Mansfield will play Prince Karl probably during the greater part of his Summer engagement at the Madison Square. The performance has met with an extension of popularity that was scarcely expected.

The fiftieth representation of The Highest Bidder will take place on Monday next at the Lyceum. Some sketches made by Mr. Sothern will form the souvenir of the event.

Our Irish Visitors, the play for which Mr. Hill claims no literary merit but more capacity for fun-making than anything before the public, is hilariously prosperous at the Union Square.

The Hypocrite, at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, appears to find ample favor with its audiences, which thus far have been liberal in proportions as in applause.

Highly amused crowds attend the unique entertainment afforded at Ye Olde London Streete. A recent accession to the programme is Ellen Woodford, who came over with the Violet Cameron company. Miss Woodford appears in Herca's "Escamotage D'une Per-

sonne Vivante," and does her share in an effective and pleasing manner. By the way, Herca's Melange of Magic is a feature of Ye London Streete, and the auditorium upstairs is always crowded when he appears—which he does twice daily. Aside from this feature, there is a variety of entertainment furnished by instrumentalists and vocalists.

Gossip of the Town.



Above is a portrait of Laura Burt, the vivacious soubrette and vocalist. Miss Burt has made several notable successes both in burlesque and drama. She is a pretty and winsome little actress.

Charles Bowser has departed for San Francisco.

Ullie Akerstrom closes a long season in Northampton, Mass., on June 18.

George and Lizzie Conway have been engaged by French and Sanger for Harbor Lights.

C. Lawrence Barry, manager for Augusta Van Doren, has gone to Boston on a brief business trip.

George W. Sammis, who summers at Echo Lake, N. J., goes in advance of Richard Mansfield next season.

Joseph McKeever has been engaged as treasurer of the Madison Square in place of John T. McKeever, resigned.

Harry Harwood, of Frederic Bryton's company, will pass the Summer on the coast of Maine. No cottage?

Marie Hilford has been engaged by George L. Harrison to play the part of Nellie Denver in The Silver King.

Charles Noble, the well-known basso, late of Dockstader's, has been engaged for the Sweatnam-Rice Minstrels.

Charles Warren will play W. J. Scanlan's original part, Teddy, in the revival of My Geraldine, and will be featured.

Thomas K. and Elsie J. Serrano have completed a romantic drama called A Royal Conquest. The theme is of Spanish origin.

Dates are open at Tony Pastor's Theatre during August, September and October for anything other than vaudeville entertainments.

Edward J. Ratcliffe is specially engaged to support Henry Chanfran during his two weeks' engagement in this city, opening on June 20.

Elsie J. Serrano has made arrangements whereby her play, A Shadow on the Hearth, will be produced in this country the coming season.

Edward J. Ratcliffe has been specially engaged by A. B. Anderson to support Henry Chanfran during his two weeks' engagement in this city.

Next season of Murray and Murphy in Our Irish Visitors opens on August 20, in a New Jersey city, whence they go to Philadelphia and the West.

Josh E. Ogden has arrived in the city. He has struggled through with the Strangers of Paris, and bursts to tell the tale of the latest "entanglement."

Otis Bernard, late of the Strangers of Paris company, has suffered a severe injury to one of his eyes by a fall from a car platform, but is rapidly mending.

The hour of the auction sale of the dramatic effects of the late Salmi Morse, at 1762 Broadway, has been changed from 11 A. M. June 27, to 12, noon.

Mr. Urban, premiere danseuse of the Royal Opera, Berlin, has been secured by Manager Stanton for the coming season at the Metropolitan Opera House.

John W. Clarke, the well-known basso, has been engaged to do the Bosun in the Madison Square production of Pinafore. He bends his lungs to "He is an Englishman."

John G. Magie received a gold watch from William E. Sinn, with a complimentary inscription, for services in advance of Alone in London. Mr. Magie is re-engaged.

Jacob R. Shattuck and Harvey Ramsey have been engaged as treasurers at the Madison Square Garden.

Marion Warren, for two seasons W. J. Scanlan's soubrette, does not go with the comedian the coming season.

Miss E. H. Ober and Georgia Cayvan are expected to arrive in this country from England on the Arizona next Monday.

Kittie Wilson and Lizzie Duray have been engaged for The Highest Bidder, and replace Vida Croly and Alice Crowther for the Summer.

Sam Sothern is expected to arrive from England about July 1 with a number of manuscript plays formerly the property of his father, the late E. A. Sothern.

Robert McWade will appear in Rip Van Winkle at the People's Theatre next week. It is some years since he was last seen in the character in this city.

Evangeline will close its season at the Hollis Street Theatre, Boston on next Saturday night. The Fall season of the burlesque will open at Schiltz's Park, Milwaukee, on August 8.

George W. Wadleigh, who was advance agent for the Adonis company last season, has been engaged to take the place of Charles E. Rice for next season, and will therefore act as treasurer.

George L. Harrison will materially strengthen his company for the presentation of The Silver King next season. George W. June, his lieutenant, occupies a busy desk at Taylor's Exchange.

William Brockway, a clever musician and leader, now and for several seasons with W. J. Scanlan, is composing the music for a new clog dance by Barney Fagan, of Sweatnam, Rice and Fagan's Minstrels.

D. H. Wilson, last season business manager of Power's Ivy Leaf company, will next season manage John F. Ward, the comedian, in The Doctor (Dr. Clyde). Mr. Ward will star in the part of Higgins.

Irene Ackerman claims the title of the play Inez; but Julia Anderson lays a stout claim to the original copyright, and will prosecute any infringement. The play was written for Miss Anderson by Robert Johnson.

Prudencia Cole, late leading lady of the Parisian Strangers, has luckily reached home. Miss Cole received many flattering notices for her performance of Clothilde. The Southern press was especially enthusiastic.

Goatcher, the scenic artist of Wallace's Theatre, besides being engaged in painting a new drop curtain for the Star Theatre, has entered into competition with a number of artists on a design for the Grant monument.

Dan McCarthy produced his drama, True Irish Hearts, at the Grand Opera House, New Haven, on Monday night, before a packed house. The demonstrations of the audience emphasized the piece as a great hit.

Emma Eisner, for several years with the Hess Opera company; George Appleby and Louise Searle have been engaged during the past week for Starr's Opera company, now playing at Forepaugh's Casino, Philadelphia.

George Fairman, of 161 East Thirty-sixth street, will mail views of the scene of the dedication of the Actors' Fund Monument to any address on receipt of the price. The views, three in number, are sold at fifty cents each.

Admiral Porter's play of Allan Dare will open its own season and that of the Fifth Avenue Theatre simultaneously early in August. The piece will be produced under the supervision of the author and Mc Kee Rankin.

Alden Benedict is making extensive preparations for his next season in Monte Cristo. He claims a dramatization of the novel all his own, and says he will return the admission price to any auditor not satisfied with the performance.

Erminie, the greatest comic opera success known in this country, will be sent on the road the coming season with an unusually strong company and with new costumes and scenery. The opera is now on the way toward the south performance at the Casino.

It is announced that Marie Aimee and Emily Soldene will both be seen in burlesque next season. Aimee has been engaged by Manchester and Jennings to head their Night Owls company, and Soldene will head a company managed by Hopkins, of Providence.

The Herring Sables have withstood another severe test. The Herring is a pioneer, and is still in the foreground, trustworthy and always to be depended upon. In the recent car stable fires the Herring sables preserved their contents intact. This fire was a crucial test.

Corra Tanner will not reappear in her new play, Fascination; or, The Way We Live, by Robert Buchanan, until the season of '88-'9. The play met with instant success on its recent production at the Park Theatre, Brooklyn. Miss Tanner will tour one more season in Alone in London, and the time is all filled.

Owing to the success of Prince Karl, the production of the new comedy, which was set down for presentation at the Madison Square Theatre next Monday evening, has been deferred, although Manager Price states that it could be put on at a day's notice. The first week's business of Prince Karl is reported as even better than the average of last season.

Tonina and Lillian, the little daughters of George H. Adams, have been re engaged for the tot parts in Harrison's Silver King company for next season. Manager Harrison would have hunted far to find a better selection, for the children were everywhere commented upon as a feature of last season's performance of the King.

The Two Sisters will most probably be produced by Grace Hawthorne at Birmingham, England, this month. It is said to be full of military interest. The cast of Theodora, which Miss Hawthorne is to produce at the Princess Theatre, London, in the Fall, is said to be composed entirely of prominent English artists, even in the minor roles.

D. W. Truss has been engaged as associate manager of Sweatnam, Rice and Fagan's Minstrels. This will complete as strong an executive staff as ever started out with a minstrel troupe, including, as it does, William Foote, George T. Clapham and Mr. Truss. All are well-known and very popular, and especially well fitted for their respective departments.

J. Charles Davis will spend the Summer at Long Branch, but will visit the city daily for the purpose of looking attractions for the different theatres and theatrical enterprises of Harry Miner. Mr. Miner now controls Mrs. James Brown Potter, Admiral Porter's play of Allan Dare, The Golden Giant and the musical production of Macbeth.

Harry Greenwall is enthusiastic over a new railroad line between Galveston and Kansas City. It is a branch of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe and connects with the St. Louis and San Francisco road, making the trip between Galveston and Kansas City in thirty-six hours. There are to be two trains a day each way. Mr. Greenwall states that up to date he has secured a better line of attractions this season than ever before.

Dion Bouicault's company closed season at McVicker's Theatre, Chicago, on Jan. 4. On the preceding Tuesday evening Herbert Colby, the stage manager, was called upon the stage and presented with a watch and chain by James Padgett, who, on behalf of the members of the company, made a speech expressing the appreciation of all for the manner in which Mr. Colby's duties had been performed.

W. J. Winterburn is booming Charles Erin Verner's next tour in Shamus O'Brien with great energy and regardless of the cost of printers' ink, in which he is investing heavily. He says "the attraction will be boomed as none has been since W. R. Hayden boomed T. W. Keene into prominence in 1880." The printing will be designed by the Bavarian artist, Jo. Junk, of the Equiper Printing House, Cincinnati. During the past season, under Mr. Winterburn's able management, Mr. Verner rapidly advanced in popularity, and is now recognized as a coming Irish comedian.

On Sunday last Mrs. E. L. Fernandez was notified by a messenger from the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children that her daughter Bijou, who was billed to appear next Monday night at the People's Theatre in Peggy, the Fisherman's Child, must not perform, as such a proceeding was in direct violation of the law. Mrs. Fernandez paid a visit to the Society rooms on Monday, where she met President Gerry and Superintendent Jenkins, and learned that the Society was determined to enforce the law. It is probable that within a few weeks Mrs. Fernandez will sail for Europe with Bijou, as an offer of engagement has been received from W. W. Kelly for the child to appear at the Olympic Theatre in support of Grace Hawthorne.

CASINO. Broadway and 30th Street. Mr. Rudolph Aronson, Manager.

Evenings at 8. Saturday Matinee at 3. 50 Cents. ADMISSION 30 Cents. Reserved seats, 50c, and \$1 extra. Boxes, \$5, \$10, \$15.

The greatest Comic Opera success ever produced in America.

EKMINIE.

Chorus of 40. Mr. Jesse Williams, Musical Director.

Seats secured two weeks in advance.

14 TH STREET THEATRE. Corner 6th Ave. Mr. J. W. Rosenquest, Sole Manager.

Matinee Wednesday and Saturday. A NEW AND GREAT PRODUCTION. An Original Play in Four Acts, entitled

HYPOCRITE.

Produced with the following powerful cast:

Edward Walton..... Mr. Osmond Tearle

George (an Octoon)..... Mr. Newton Gotthold

Richard Singleton..... Mr. Herbert Kealey

Doctor Vernon..... Mr. Harry Courtaine

Barney Elliott..... Mr. Charles S. Dickson

Archibald..... Mr. Tony Farrell

Edith Walton..... Miss Annie Robe

Grace Courtaine..... Miss Miriam O'Leary

Martha..... Miss Marie Bates

New and beautiful scenery, properties, etc.

Seats can be secured in advance at the Box-office.

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HAVE Robert Griffin Morris'

YOUR Successful musical absurdity, the

KINDERGARTEN.

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management George O. Starr.

FUNNIEST SHOW ON EARTH.

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Wednesday and Saturday matinee.

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in size and all details of the most celebrated edifices in

ancient London.

VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL CONCERT

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the distinguished Escamoteur and Ventriloquist, in his

MARVELOUS ENTERTAINMENT,

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Admission, 50c.; Children, 25c. On Sundays and

Mondays, 25c.

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Mr. A. M. Palmer

Evenings at 8:30, Saturday Matinee at 2.

The charming comedy,

MR. RICHARD MANSFIELD,

in

PRINCE KARL.

UNION SQUARE THEATRE.

Under the management of J. M. Hill.

MURRAY AND MURPHY

in

OUR IRISH VISITORS.

Matinee Saturday.

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Daniel Frohman, Manager

Seventh Week of the Merry Comedv,

THE HIGHEST BIDDER,

THE HIGHEST BIDDER,

THE HIGHEST BIDDER.

Ed. Sothern, W. J. Lemoine, H. Archer, etc., etc.

* June 21, celebration of 30th performance.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

Lessee and Manager, Mr. T. H. French.

Reserved seats, orchestra circle and balcony, 50c.

Matinee Wednesday and Saturday.

This week only.

EDWIN F. MAYO

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LOUIS KIRKE

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Next week—HAZEL KIRKE with C. W. COULDOCK

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attractions presented.

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COLORS MINSTRELS.

Next week, ADA GRAY IN EAST LYNNE.

WALLACE'S THEATRE, Broadway and 30th St.

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The greatest Parisian and London success, by the

McCAULL OPERA COMIQUE COMPANY.

Andre Messager's comic opera, entitled,

JACQUETTE.

English adaptation by J. Cheever Goodwin, Esq.

Orchestra, \$1.50; balcony, \$1; family circle, 50c. and 25c.

Admission, 50c. Wednesday matinee at 2.

The Giddy Gusher.



One of the sweetest attributes of theatrical character is the fondness most every actor and actress has for the country. One would suppose that, after a hard night's work, the nearer their home was to the theatre, the better suited the artist would be. But you go up to the depots, and sit round for last trains, and see the pastoral tastes evinced by the actor-folk. They dash into their dressing-rooms after the curtains fall; they hurriedly wash off the make-up; they fly into their street garments and rush for the various railroads to reach some suburban spot where the trees are not made of canvas nor the sward of green baize. I heard a well known minister indulge in a tirade against the stage on one occasion, and a principal charge in his bill of particulars was the artificiality of theatrical life; that the simulation of affections destroyed the capacity for feeling them; that the actor lived an unreal existence and felt none of the natural emotions of the ordinary God-fearing man.

What rot! I thought, when I heard him, I'd like to yank him about the land and show him happy homesteads, with bronzed leading men cutting grass (in clumsy stage-farm way, to be sure, but still enjoying his simple soul in scratching around in the dirt); show him fine emotional actresses in calico gowns chasing hens out of their flower-beds, freckling their handsome faces hunting a lost chicken named Esmeralda, who had eloped with a full-grown and much-married rooster named Lothario.

Here, night after night, Jack Ryley steams off to New Rochelle, of which notable hamlet he's a proud and happy citizen. George Clarke goes to Norwalk, a long travel on the dusty cars, to reach his lovely home. (He's not enjoying it this year, however, as he is travelling, and the English play-builder, Yardley, has rented "The Folly.")

At the Hudson River depot at midnight you find McKee Rankin and his handsome wife tearing down the platform to catch the train for Irvington, where two beautiful girls are snug in the country nest, and the hard working father and mother think with delight of the few hours they are able to pass with them, away from bricks and mortar and tricks and trade—perhaps a long rehearsal stares them in the face on the morrow. They endure all the extra labor for the real abiding love they have for old Mother Nature.

Every year the actors grow thicker upon the hillsides and mountain-tops. The first use a theatrical person makes of a success that puts money in his purse is to buy a patch of ground as far from the maddening crowd as possible. There are some city-looking people among the profession at present, but the great majority are country, from the freckles on their noses to the roadside dust on their shoes. The elegantly apparelled Ellie Wilton comes in from Whitestone with lisle thread gloves on her brown hands, and a nice bucolic purr, such as adorns a cow's tail, sticking on the skirt of her serviceable walking dress. Ben Maginley's boots would take good care of a farm without their jolly proprietor inside of 'em, so agriculturally well trained are they. Joe Wheelock, when walking on Broadway with a friend, says "Gee" and "Haw" to him as naturally as to an ox. In fact, it's become second nature to him. You see him, in emotional parts, clench his fist and slowly move it in front of him. It goes for suppressed passion with the audience, and is effective; but it's the outcome of the farmer—an imaginary plough handle in his hand, and the heads of the people in front so many furrows, and he's thinking how many hills of corn or potatoes he can make out of 'em. The feathers on women's hats are waving tassels of silky maize, and the flowers show him "where wisdom's old potato is growing at the root."

The lawyers and doctors and ministers and bankers have country-seats in which they seat their families and seek fresh fields and pastures new themselves. I met a celebrated politician the other day on the earliest morning train.

"I'm living at Cos Cob," said he.

"Good mercy!" returned I. "What for? I thought all your plants were made in the city."

"There's only one thing I like to plant in the country, and that's the old woman. It's fine growing ground for her. When I'm a little afraid she may get down town I wire her up about three: 'Shall have friends up for dinner to-night.' She amuses herself making pies the rest of the day, and I have a harrowing

tafe to tell about missing the train. Cos Cob is a darling—there's no fool of a train stopping there every ten minutes."

I honestly believe that's the actuating motive of half the country-seats of business men. But the dear actors are horses of an entirely different color. The really happy farm-homes belong to the professionals. A country boarding-house can be tolerated if the boarders are stage folks. They see so much fun in the vexations of a boarding-house. They are so enraptured with the newness of caterpillars and the odd ways of suburban bugs. Growing things afford them so much pleasure that they scrub up without the grumbling a city clerk or a tailor's wife would indulge in.

The grocer's family get up costumes to properly spend the Summer in. The actress, used to and tired of the unending fine clothes of the stage, gets into an easy gown and loaf, feeling no disquietude about being outdressed by her neighbors. A theatrical colony may have their professional jealousies along with 'em, but they keep 'em in their basket trunks with their good clothes and air 'em when they get to the city all together.

Francis Wilson is buying up portions of New Rochelle with a view of becoming one of the Rochelle salt of the earth. Mrs. Jane Learock has leased a stone cottage at Rutherford Park, New Jersey. The life of the stage has left no mark upon her. She is raising strawberries and writes me wisely about the "yield per acre." The DeVeres invite me to see 'em in string-bean time, and George brings in an early cucumber in his pocket, and exhibits it with as much pride as if it was a chunk of gold ore.

A delightful actress whose name I will not give, lest it seem like ingratitude, expressed to me a basket of lettuce and radishes last May. Seventeen hundred million green lice lived on the lettuce heads, and the radishes had as much cork inside 'em as a bottle of Pommery Sec before it's opened. After this offering I went out to see her. She had a few acres, and she had, with the help of a disengaged light comedian and two respectable utility young men, laid out that garden herself. Flower seeds and vegetable seeds were planted indiscriminately around the front door. She said she had put out morning glories, but cucumber vines were streaming up the posts. Dahlias and tomatoes hobnobbed in one bed, and amid a big patch of pinks a squash was ripening in perfumed ease.

At 12 o'clock in the day, with sun blazing down, she would cry to the disengaged light: "Oh, the poor garden! See how everything is drooping." On would go the hose and she would drench the earth, and the consequence was the dirt was baked as hard as rocks around her martyred plants. After things were growing for months she concluded the squashes should not be in the front yard, and the work of transplanting was begun—the roots of the unhappy vegetables were disinterred; the utility men carried the squashes; madame and two handmaids took up the vines, and the procession took up the line of march with the disengaged bearing the roots at the head. The moment of my arrival found them solemnly bearing a forty-foot vine, with three big squashes half grown along the length of it, through the house from the front door to the back.

"What's the matter with the vines?" I asked.

"We're transplanting 'em, and going to bring a wisteria for the centre of the flower-bed," said my hostess, pleasantly.

(Here arrived the cook—as the whole domestic force were pressed into the planting business—with some crushed and ill-smelling vegetation in her arms.)

"Bring that wisteria right here," sung out a heavy man up for a visit.

"For Heavens sake don't put that out for a wisteria; it will be bearing tomatoes in a month; its a high-bush beefsteak tomato."

"How delightful!" cried the lady. "I always like tomatoes with beefsteak, but I never knew they grew together before."

At the end of the garden one day I saw something gilded sticking out of the grass, and found three dilapidated picture frames mounted on sticks which were driven into the earth.

"What are they?" I asked.

"I took them off some old photographs of mine; the big one came off an oil painting of Ma."

"But what are they doing here?"

"Why, they are for the frame cucumbers; directions printed on the package; they are doing well."

The first night I slept in this model farm-house I looked out my window upon an end of the premises I had not seen before. I rubbed my eyes and felt my hair rising as I saw glistening in the moonlight a man in armor from head to foot. His steel-capped arm held a truncheon like the Ghost of Hamlet's Father. As my bewildered gaze followed out the direction of the truncheon, there was a pallid form in white; long yellow tresses fell down her shoulders, and a crown of blossoms and wheat rested on the bowed head. I got up several times in the night to look at these fantastic, fearful sights, and perceived something new at each examination. Once it was a ghastly head, without a body. Around the severed conk waved silvery hair. With the earliest streak of dawn I went, and found that they

were scarecrows dressed in the disengaged light comedian's wardrobe.

"He's a dear fellow is Ed," said my friend, "and never saves a cent; so I told him to bring his traps down to this rambling big place and save storage. When I planted the peas round the lilacs—you know peas have to be bushed—I remembered how Uncle Baxter always put out scarecrows to make things grow well, and that's my Ophelia dress on the broom in the corner; but the rest of the scarecrows I made out of Ed's trunks. They're rather pretty, I think; don't you?"

"This farming is rather expensive, is it not?" I asked.

"I should say so. You see the roosters on the place last Summer fought so I just made pot-pies of every one of 'em. This Summer I stocked the place with hens—just quiet mahens, not a rooster in the yard. I bought egg plants when they were fifty cents apiece to feed them on, as a substitute, and then, when it came June, and I had no Spring chickens, I tied Phoebe, that broad old gray hen, down on twelve eggs, and kept her shut down with an ash-sifter on top of her for three weeks. Not an egg hatched, and I have bought all my chickens at the biggest sort of prices. It's about the same way with vegetables; but, then, it's pleasant to try and raise things, if you don't succeed, and oh! isn't it lovely here? There's so much dirt; I love to see the earth grow if nothing else does; so I just dig it up and turn it over and enjoy myself."

And that's the way with every theatrical person I know; they don't all want the earth, but all want a little of it.

Those young actresses who are not raising chickens from eggplants are having a great time in Europe. There's Louisa Eldridge; notwithstanding the amount of American flag that is always hoisted on her ramparts, she has a sneaking friendship for royalty and a nearer approach to it than that afforded by the theatres and drives. Therefore, the other day, when Victoria and a dozen more queens with a few kings had a private show at Buffalo Bill's Wild West, that giddy creature sought her friend, Nate Salisbury, and engaged herself for an afternoon as a squaw of the Sioux Nation. Those features so well known to New York she daubed with red ochre. That figure so prominent at funerals and festivities she draped in a blanket and a pair of pants, hung with beads and tastefully trimmed with pipes of peace and tomahawks. She presented an appearance at once awe-inspiring and dignified. Her success with the chiefs was immense, as she gracefully ambled in among the real savages with both moccasins turned in and her eyes worn to match. There was a unanimous grunt of approval. As Red Under-shirt and Old Socks gathered round her, the squaws of the party withdrew and planned her murder. Only for Nate Salisbury, Aunt Louisa would have been scalped. He explained in feeling Injun talk that not to capture the hearts of their braves, but to clasp the hand of the pale-face, Prince of Wales, was her object. He dwelt on her wrongs; he alluded to Mrs. Potter as the cause of much of the estrangement between two faithful hearts, and the hand of the destroyer was stayed.

Victoria demanded an audience with the savages, and the savagery of the party was Louisa. She shook hands with everybody and her speech of welcome was much applauded by those who didn't understand it. The Queen asked her how she liked London, and Louisa said:

"Wahnitia Yokohama Shed Shookem pawn ticket—Tuscarora Kiralfy Weehawken dramatic."

And Victoria remarked it was a beautiful language as spoken by the natives.

I believe she is going to spend a few days with the Royal family in her character of Wahnitia; at least so it is reported to the

GIDDY GUSHER.

Some Play-Pirates Heard From.

THE MIRROR's war on the play-pirates is bearing some fruit. Some of the pirates have put themselves on the defensive. All their letters cannot be published, as they are couched in language too vulgar. But the letters show that the writers are wincing under the lash of THE MIRROR.

The notorious J. Al. Sawtelle writes an impertinent letter in which he calls THE MIRROR's Titusville (Pa.) correspondent a liar seven times, but disproves nothing. Sawtelle says the following plays are published books: Lancashire Lass, Streets of New York, Celebrated Case, East Lynne, Orange Girl, Long Strike, and that he plays his own version of Monte Cristo. Let us go over this list. We will strike out The Lancashire Lass and East Lynne as being common property. It is said that A Celebrated Case has been lodged on the same shelf. Frank Mayo is the owner of The Streets of New York, and it is let on royalty to G. C. Boniface et al. The Orange Girl; or, Saved from the Flames, is simply The Phoenix—probably a garbled version. The smoke from the Flames carries an odor of suspicion. The Long Strike, written by Bouicault, was played on royalty by permission of the author for a part of last season. But what becomes of the rest of Sawtelle's long repertoire—Joshua Whitcomb, Hazel Kirke, Rose-

dale, M'Ilis, etc.? The pirate goes on to say: "So far as your 'crusade' affects dates with local managers, I have yet to see one of them that will refuse to make a date with any company that he thinks will draw money." This is untrue of the body managerial, although it is unfortunately true of the greater number. If it were not the Sawtelles could not exist. "You have done a good deal of gratuitous advertising for me, and I care not what you say." Sawtelle covers a good deal of paper to let THE MIRROR know this.

Milton Nobles writes another of his characteristic letters on the subject of play-piracy, and spikes a few more guns for Harry Webber. The writer tells how he came into possession of The Phoenix, and incidentally gives the origin of the present-day stage Hebrew:

RELL ISLAND, Conn., June 5, 1887.

The bustle and commotion incident to a transfer of myself, family, yacht, yawl, wife, baby and other goods and chattels from the goodly city of churches and civilization to my temporary retreat in this State of basewood hams, hickory nutmegs, blue laws and other relics of Yankee barbarism, have prevented me for a few weeks from assailing you in your valuable and vigorous war upon the play-pirates. I will now pay my respects to your latest contributions, so far as their communications call for attention. I believe that Johnson, of Nashville, wrote you that he did not know that the Compton gang were to play The Phoenix. Before their arrival in that city he had a personal letter from me, warning him against this identical party, they being then underlined for his house. I know that he received this letter from the fact that one of his employees mentioned the receipt to a personal friend of mine in Nashville, before the party opened. So much for his denial. I am indebted to your Horrellville correspondent for the pointer regarding Wagner and Reis. This firm has received more than one warning letter from me, and one as late as four weeks ago. I have frequently played with them, and I wrote them a friendly but firm letter, requesting them to respect my rights. I shall await their reply to your correspondent's charge before saying more upon the subject.

It is a great pity that so much of your space and my time should be given to Harry Webber. In a former letter I had occasion to refer to Webber as an apt illustration of an ignorant man writing himself down an ass. His last effusion leads additional force to the simile. In claiming The Phoenix to be a bad plagiarism of The Witches of New York, he seems to think he has discovered our secret. The mountain of Webber's supposed mind has not brought forth even a mouse. This is the same inevitable excuse urged in extenuation by a dozen barnstorming pirates when brought to book, and shows them to be as ignorant as they are vicious. As honest members of the profession, none of us can easily believe in 1887 I bought from Albert W. Aiken all right, title and interest in his drama, The Witches of New York. The sale was public, and duly advertised in all of the then existing theatrical journals. I used the story, but not the characters, and but one of the situations—the fire-scene. All of this is matter of history. My play is printed and copyrighted, giving due credit to Mr. Aiken for joint authorship. My portion of the dialogue consists of such familiar words as "the dialogue was spoken." All of the climax, excepting the fire-scene, the story-writing scene, the one feature that redeems the play from ultra-sensationalism, pulls it up to the place of the profession, and has kept it for thirteen years before the people of this country, a successful, money-making play. No better proof of the character and quality of the work is needed than the fact that at the time I bought The Witches of New York, thirteen years ago, it was supposed to be entirely "played out" as an attraction. One other, and a very strong originality in The Phoenix, the introduction of the first of the modern stage Hebrews. To prove this familiar stage history it is unnecessary to say that Sam'l of Posen and the subsequent crop of copies are all mere undisguised imitations of Moses Shlomo in The Phoenix, and the great and small Sam'l's, Isaac, etc., ad lib., have been at various times played, or played at, the original in my play.

Of Webber's Editha's Burglar transaction I know nothing, and you are the one to which my agent has referred, mentioning the affair, I advise you to give the writer a name. There was no injunction of secrecy. If I am a greatly mistaken, the writer was at one time a member of Webber's company. I fear that Webber, in his anxiety to prove that some one else steals plays, has forgotten to explain how he came to be playing Our Boarding-House. You are quite right in saying that only one person, Max Fehrmann, has ever been given authority to play the familiar stage history, and that that authority has been long since withdrawn.

The letter in re Editha's Burglar is destroyed or mislaid, or the name of the writer would be given.

A correspondent writes from Montreal:

Editor New York Mirror:—I have read with much interest your exposure of "theatrical pirates," and with the view of helping on this good work, I enclose herewith a clipping from the Montreal Herald of this date, announcing the appearance at the Theatre Royal of Wilton day and Annie Bird in a repertoire of what seems to me to be stolen plays. The list includes Nobody's Child, Fancho, Uncle Dan'l, Bob the Newsboy and Carrots (4th). The city has not been billed in the usual way for this engagement, the management contenting themselves with announcing the bill from the stage. In fact, everything in connection with this matter has been conducted sub rosa.

I desire in this opportunity to express my hearty appreciation of your journal, of which I am a constant reader.

BROOKLYN, June 2.

Editor New York Mirror:—In your issue of May 25 there is a reference to our putting the play Sam'l of Posen. Let me here deny the charges and say that the present Sam'l of Posen company is the only one travelling, and we have the sole rights of production, duly protected by the owner.

Yours very truly,

H. VARLEY, Manager.

If Mr. Varley will refer to THE MIRROR of May 28 and June 4, he will see that no such charge was made—in fact, in the issue of May 28 it was doubted that there was any piracy. That unconscionable Western marauder, Edwin Stuart, is the first pirate to steal Jim the Penman. Stuart does not make the least attempt to disguise the theft, but boldly announces the play as "now being performed at the Madison Square Theatre, New York, to the largest houses of the season, hundreds being turned away," etc. The fellow Stuart's dodgers also announce The Silver King, May Blossom, Inshavogue, Rosedale, Young Mrs. Winthrop and Queena.

Here is a letter from a play-pirate that will provoke many a smile. It is from Fred Felton, manager of the Felton-Conner company, and is an admirable mixture of frankness and impudence:

RENTON HARBOR, Mich., June 7.

Editor New York Mirror:—You are tackling the play-pirates. Well, I suppose we are play pirates; but until you get your new law passed I suppose we can say with the immortal J. D.: "What are you going to do about it?" However, I honestly hope some plan may be evolved whereby every one will be the sole receiver of the work of his or her own brains. I, for one, as a manager, would be willing to pay royalties on plays I wish to produce if the owners of the aforesaid plays would defend me from the other pirates which, under present laws, they cannot do. This is a poor, lame excuse, but in these hurly-burly times it seems as though one must steal to live—not alone in our profession, but in all lines of life as well. It seems as if the motto, "Get money—honestly if you can—but get money," was the principle upon which the word moves.

J. J. McCloskey writes: "Many thanks for your New Orleans correspondent's exposure of the pirating of my play of Kentuck. The parties referred to have returned all the MS. they possess of said play (so they say), and promise not to do so any more."

"Actuated by curiosity," writes a friend of THE MIRROR, "I dropped a line to a party who advertised stolen plays for sale. In your crusade against play-pirates this may be useful. I enclose letter received in reply." Here is the letter:

PRISTON, Ont.

SIR:—Your card to hand. I enclose list of thirty-eight plays which I will sell at \$5 per copy, except Silver King and Ruddy Rye, at \$10. If you will take the whole lot at once, I will make a very low offer of \$150 for the entire thirty-eight copies, all done with

type-writer—genuine copies, complete in every way. This is a very low offer, as at \$5 per copy all these would amount to \$190. Hoping to hear from you soon, I am yours,

Miss H. F. FLEMING.
Address Preston, Ont., where I will be for a few weeks.

The exceptions in price noted in the list are The Silver King, \$7, and The Romany Rye, \$10. The list includes My Partner, Carrots, Nobody's Child, My Geraldine, Hazl Kirke, Mabel Heath, Lady Clare, Lorie, Passion's Slave, Taken from Life, Rosedale, Arrah-na-Pogue, The Colleen Bawn, Moths, Banker's Daughter, Fate, Divorce, Celebrated Case, Child of the State, Queen's Evidence, Queens, Mountain Pink, Fogg's Ferry, Dewdrop, Lyndwood, Silver King, Danicheffs, Big Bonanza, Ultimo, Our Boarding-House, The Danites, Joshua Whitcomb, Pique, False Shame, The Gun'ner, The World, The Romany Rye and Hearts of Oak.

Miss Van Doren's Tour.

The arrangements for Augusta Van Doren's tour are progressing very favorably. A MIRROR reporter recently had an interview with her young and energetic business manager, C. Lawrence Barry, in which he said:

"The presswork and other preliminaries for Miss Van Doren's season in Charlotte Russe have been well handled. Mr. Morris describes his comedy as a 'mild satire on society life.' As a 'ready made' article could not be found to suit, Mr. Morris was engaged to write one to order; and he saw an opportunity of writing a play of artistic merit without losing the fun of the usual farce-comedy."

"Miss Van Doren is a young lady of decided talent and aptitude for the stage. She is very ambitious, and is very prolific in novel methods to keep her name before the public. She has surrounded herself with a strong company and a hard-working business staff. The star's father, George T. Van Doren, for many years connected with the banking business in this city and Pittsburg, will travel with the company as treasurer. Harry Linden has been engaged to direct the stage, and John C. Dyer to do the presswork. A well known advance agent, whose name I am not just now at liberty to divulge, will complete the staff. Fine pictorial painting in liberal quantity has been contracted for. The scenes of the play will be elaborately mounted, special attention being paid to tapestry hangings and society bric-a-brac."

Professional Doings.

—Harry Dalton will play the Spider in The Silver King next season.

—The People's Theatre in Cincinnati will be extensively improved prior to re-opening.

—W. Athwood White, late stage manager of The Silver King, is at his home in Philadelphia.

—It is stated that one of the Cincinnati managers proposes to employ female usters during the coming season.

—Lillian Lewis will open a short Summer tour in Kew-Forest, Ill., on June 30, closing in Chicago on July 5.

—Mrs. May Hillman and her daughter Blanche, of Boston, comedienne company, are visiting friends in Falls Church, Va.

—W. B. Leonard, late of Stella Keen's company, is putting in the Summer as chief clerk of the Heustiss House, Saratoga. He will support Odell Williams in The Judge.

—G. E. Sanderson, for the past six years advertising agent and bill-poster for Watney's Opera House, Fitchburg, Mass., has severed his connection with that house, and next season will serve in the same capacity with the New Opera House, Amesbury, Mass.

—C. W. Richkav's Sixth Avenue Theatre, Beaver Falls, Pa., has just closed a fine season, having played many of the best attractions on the road. He is now busily booking the same class of attractions for next season.

—D. H. Wilson, late of the Ivy Leaf company, and Helen Windsor, late of Robert Maitell's co. party, appeared in leading roles in the new American drama, Among the Pines, at Youngstown, O., on June 10-11. The audiences were large, and the local press spoke of play and players in glowing terms.

—Signor Janotta's new opera, Alcedo, was brought out in St. Paul last Monday night. The Opera House, Huntington, Tom Karl and W. H. McDonald were in the cast. A "wire" says there was great enthusiasm over the opera, and that the audience was large and brilliant, etc.

—The new Montrose Opera House at Lacombe, N. H., will be opened on Sept. 2. No 20-30 companies will be booked. The population of Lacombe, including Lake Village, is 10,000, with eight near-by towns and villages to draw from. The month's pay-rolls of the theatre in Lacombe averages about \$1000.

—C. H. P. Oper, of 1310-21 Broadway, has 300 sets and select designs in linoleum floor-cloth, with prices from fifty cents a yard upward. It is a clean and pretty covering for theatre floors, lobbies and offices. Estimates for theatres will be promptly made. Folia linoleum may be had in assorted patterns and sizes.

—H. Price Webber's Boston Comedy company closed its eleventh season on June 9 at North Berwick, Me., where a very successful engagement was played for the benefit of the Canton Columbian, Patriotic Relief, I. O. O. F. Mr. Webber has had a remarkably good season of forty weeks, and will reopen for '87-88 August 1.

—H. E. Wheeler has arranged a short route for Zeos that takes in the Queen's Jubilee at Belleville, Ont., on June 24, benefit of R. F. Patterson, 25th, opening of new theatre at Guelph, 27th, races at Stratford with bicycle tournament at Port Huron 29th, 30th, a benefit at Nick North at Kalamazoo on July 4.

—C. P. Atmore, general passenger agent of the Louisville and Nashville Railway, writes: "I see that the Central Traffic Association has adopted a rate of two cents a mile for parties of ten or more. This has not yet been adopted in the South. I shall take it up at the next meeting, as if possible, as it is a rate I will let you know after the meeting at Old Point Comfort on June 22, what has been done."

—The Southwestern Opera House circuit is in the field with its prospectus for next season. The circuit comprises Ottawa, Kas.; Nevada, Mo.; Garrett, Kas.; Lamar, Mo.; Parsons, Kas.; W. B. City, Mo.; Paola, Kas.; Joplin, Mo.; Rich Hill, Mo. The populations of these towns and cities range from 3,500 to 14,000, and they average twenty-five miles apart. W. F. Patterson, of Fort Scott, is President of the Association, and L. Baird, of Parsons, Secretary. Either of these officials will promptly reply to all inquiries as to the circuit.

George E. Gouge, formerly agent for Sol Salah Russell, will, on July 1, remove from Boston with his family to Grand Rapids, Mich., where he will assume the business management of Powers' Grand Opera House, which is leased by Fred Berger. Mr. Gouge, although not an old man, is a veteran in connection with the stage and road. In 1857 he was with R. O. Marsh's juvenile comedians at the Howard Athenaeum, Boston, when E. L. Davenport was manager. His first road experience was as agent with Chase and Newcomb's Museum of Art. Since then he has been connected with different companies and theatres.

—George A. Baker will have four Bennett and Moulton Opera companies on the road next season. These will be known, respectively, as the A and B and C and D. There are but few dates unfill'd for the A and B companies, which will be augmented in numbers and in repertoire. New scenery and costumes are being made for the productions, which will include the newest operas as well as the old favorites. The other companies are in process of organization, and some fifty singers are wanted. Manager Baker makes his headquarters at 56 Pemberton Square, Boston.

—Franklin B., better known as Frank Dobson, died at his home on Friday evening, June 10, aged fifty years. Mr. Dobson fell victim to a complication of diseases. He began his career as a boy clerk in the old Lovjoy Hotel, down town. His first theatrical venture was the management of The Silver King, with whom he remained fourteen years, becoming the hands of the late Alice Oates. Mr. Dobson was the only one of the many brothers who devoted his entire time to theatrical management. He was a wide-spread morning from his residence, 50 East 124th street, many professionals being present. The remains were interred in the family plot at Kippert, N. Y.

THE NEW YORK MIRROR.

Japanese Village is doing fairly well at the Central Park building.

LOUISVILLE.

Season of opera at the Exposition came to a close with a magnificent presentation of Nero. Almost all the principal singers of the National Opera Co. were in the cast, and the ballet was most pleasing. The scenery and the grouping of the large corps of superlatively made a number of stage pictures the like of which had never been seen before. The opera itself does not appeal to popular taste; it is a heavy, lugubrious affair, which occupies four hours in its rendering. While it drew the largest audience, the general verdict is that Faust gave the greatest satisfaction. The season may be said to have been a success artistically and from a pecuniary point of view.

Edith Sissler, supported by a good co., gave at the Museum her version of Peck's Bad Boy, calling it A Box of Cash. The lady is a charming comedienne, and Ed. M. Fawcett does good work in support. This week, Sam'l of Posen, with every prospect of big business. There was no money for spectators in opera seats.

The Musical Club will give Al. Schlacht a reception upon his return.

Manager John T. Macanley will spend a part of the summer at Long Branch.

The Nellie Free practical crew appeared in New Albany during the past week.

George Manassart and his wife, Helen Ottolengui, are here visiting.

Pauline L. Altemann appears as a boy in Nero, presenting a charming appearance and acting with spirit.

The scene representing the burning of Rome was realistic in the extreme. The curtain was raised three times at the close of the act.

Mrs. Johnson, Dezman and Savage, of the New Buck, are taking a needed rest after the hard season just closed.

The Grand Central offers an entire new co. for this week, in which are Holie and Harlow, Alf Christie, Lennie Pearl, Margaret Davene and others.

The St. Cloud Hotel compelled payment of an old board-bill by Edith Sissler management during engagement at Harris.

Mrs. Al. and Emilie Bourlier, of the Masonic, are in the East looking attractions. They promise a fine season at the Lyric.

The Adames Eden co., which closed the season at the New Buck, came to grief here. It went to pieces because of insufficient funds to enable it to get out of town.

E. V. Anglim, lessee of two Nashville theatres, spent several days here during the week. He transacted his business and met his friends at the Museum.

All of the daily papers made mention of the dedication of the Academy of Music. The dedication is to be congratulated upon the consummation of a project in which its influence played so prominent a part.

Sam Friedlander, of the Museum, refused a flattering offer to associate himself with Will T. Davis in the theatrical business in Chicago. Mr. Friedlander is a valuable man to P. Harris, who intends to keep him.

Eugene Kirod is on the race circuit making a book. If he has the good fortune which all his friends wish him he will come home a rich man.

Manager John and James Whalen, with Ed. Hevria, the popular city bill-poster and advertising agent, are off on a fishing trip. They took a quantity of liquid bait of the aboriginal variety.

Candidus was in bad voice while here, and the critics scored him unmercifully. Manager Locke came before the curtain performance of the 6th and offered an apology, stating that the artist was unwell and only appearing in order that the audience might not be disappointed in hearing Nero.

John W. Warner's approaching benefit will be largely attended. He will have the assistance of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Snyder, Will S. Hove and a number of talented amateurs. John is a deservedly popular man, and is well liked by the Masonic patrons.

Katie Strauss, a most estimable young lady, with the business instinct and development of a social life, is giving a season of twelve light operas at Phoenix Park during the summer. Mr. Hamilton, of the National Opera Co., is associated with her in the enterprise. A subscription list is being kept, and every reason to believe the venture will prove a success.

It is said that the National Opera Co. is in a distressed condition financially. Stories are told of efforts of singers, dancers and chorus people to secure salary due while the co. was here. It would seem that the co. has been treated especially ill, and there is a rumor that he positively refused to sing here unless a part of the money due him was paid. He did not accompany the troupe to Indianapolis, nor did Theodore Thompson, the latter going to Cincinnati. The Penna. Co. refused to make a theatrical ride via the J. M. and I. Railroad, and there was more trouble. The co. finally got away, taking fourteen cars and a number of automobiles, leaving the "Monroe" route under the gentle guidance of "lick" Henry Hathaway.

ARKANSAS.

LITTLE ROCK.

Capital Theatre (W. O. Thomas, lessee and manager): W. O. Thomas, who has been connected with Hyde's Opera House for two years past, in the capacity of scenic artist and stage manager, now has entire control of the house, and it will be known in the future as the Capital Theatre. Manager Thomas will remodel the front of the building and make a general overhauling. The scenery will all be new, as well as new seats and gas fixtures.

CALIFORNIA.

SAN JOSE.

California Theatre (C. J. Martin, manager): A Rag Baby, with Frank Daniels as Old Sport, drew a crowded house 1. The audience was delighted.

SAN DIEGO.

Leach's Opera House (J. M. Ashbaugh, manager): Edmunds and Cooper's Dramatic Co. week of May 30, with a round of plays embracing The Two Orphans, White Slave, Oliver Twist, and several dramas of doubtful portage. Light houses, with the seductive allurements of "dolls for the children." Co. light and business corresponding.

Louis Opera House (H. C. Gordin, manager): Dan'l Sully's cab, opened to night house, with Dady Nolan, followed by The Corner Grocery, 4 to full house. Mr. Sully's support is remarkably good, and his plays are mounted elegantly. The honors are nicely divided between Mr. Sully and his support, Max Arnold. The co. gave satisfaction, and attendance was limited only by insufficient length of advertising.

Oakland Theatre (Burt Brothers, managers): Hoyt's Rag Baby drew full house, with Dady Nolan, followed by The Corner Grocery, 4 to full house. Mr. Sully's support is remarkably good, and his plays are mounted elegantly. The honors are nicely divided between Mr. Sully and his support, Max Arnold. The co. gave satisfaction, and attendance was limited only by insufficient length of advertising.

Fred Wardle has signed for a return to San Francisco and Oakland next season under Al. Hayman's management.

Dan'l Sully will come to Oakland about the end of June.

COLORADO.

DENVER.

It is estimated that the three Bernhard performances at the Tabor, footed about \$7,000. The audiences were very fashionable, and while they didn't follow the example of Frisco, and shower diamonds and furs upon the famous Frenchwoman, they seemed to appreciate the fact that they were seeing the foremost actress of the day. In the fourth act of Carille, which opened the engagement, Madame received three recalls, and after the third, Fedora, who was the last performer, four recalls. Fedora brought out the largest audience of the three. The Frou Frou matinee was rather lightly attended. Madame was reported as saying that she would come again in two years, now that America is in her circuit.

If it were possible, Mrs. Langtry is even more attractive than when I saw her three years ago, and though there's still room for advancement, I notice an improvement in her stage now. Her three performances, 6-8-Lady Clancarty, Lady Ormond and Galatea—were attended by the swell of the town. The engagement was largely successful, the house being filled each night. It spoke well for the Lily, following, as she did, the great Bernhard.

The Rag Baby opens to-night (Thursday), and closes week, as it also does its season. I don't expect "twit" to be an emphatic success here. It wasn't before. Probably this will be the last we'll see of the inimitable Daniels as Old Sport. Hone he has something in his new play that's worthy of his attraction.

The Adelaide Randall Opera co. has week of 13 at Music Hall. As it has no opposition, and as the prices are "popular," it should do well. Princess of Treblonde is the opening.

It is reported that when the Langtry sale opened in Pueblo six hundred seats were sold in two hours. She plays there to-night. She will also undoubtedly have a fine house in Colorado Springs to-morrow night. I hear that a special train will be run from Manitou to accommodate the fashionable folks there. Everybody in the parts considers it the proper thing to see the "Lily."

Professor Koenigsburg has accepted an engagement at some Salt Lake resort and has taken his orchestra there.

The Devil's Auction thoroughly does the Pacific Coast before going to Australia in September for a twenty weeks' season. When it returns to the States it plays the Northern circuit next.

The Camille I've previously seen have kept up an

almost continuous cough during the performance to demonstrate that coughing is a disease. Bernhard coughed just twice and yet you could see the approach of the disease.

Miss Huff's friends are pleased to learn of her success in the concert given at the Exposition. Bernhard coughed just twice and yet you could see the approach of the disease.

Josephine Beemer, the elocutionist, has departed for Europe. It is understood that she will spend the summer with her sister in Paris.

Jeffrey Lewis has week of 30 at the Tabor.

Bernhardt's dresses are bewilderingly gorgeous. Never has such an array of good goods been exhibited upon the Tabor stage, and Madame wears them in a way known only to her peerless self. Even the Lily, with her fame in this line, is in the background. Yet the latter displays more costly goods.

Amos Edward Ellener, who has been seen upon the professional stage, was the Albert Graham in the performance of the Planter's Wife by Mrs. Scott-Saxton's elocution class lately. The papers spoke well of him.

J. B. Donahue, player of the celebrated "Blackbirds" of the First and Forty Blackbirds. It is the purpose to give an entertainment next month, and as every member is a star in the burlesque world, it can't help but be a success.

Montana speech to the Republican says: Messrs. Buddecke and Diehl have just consummated plans for the erection of a brick or stone hall and theatre fifty by one hundred and twenty-five with twenty foot ceilings. The front will be set in to afford facilities for the better entrance to the theatre. The floor will be laid with oiled and waxed larch and a half flooring, and first-class stage appointments will be constructed. In fact everything will be done to make the hall a first-class theatre.

The building, when completed, will have cost upward of \$6,000.

CONNECTICUT.

NEW HAVEN.

Bennett's Opera House: True Irish Hearts, with Dan Carly in leading part, occupied first half of last week; remained 5 days, and was a success. The Minstrels, who gave an excellent performance. This is the closing week of the season, and is filled by John A. Toole's Comedy co. This house has had a remarkably successful season, for which not a little credit is due Mr. Morton. Mr. Bennett's able manager.

Arden: Barnum's Circus showed here on 11, with all features up to the usual high standard.

BRIDGEPORT.

Wagner's Summer Theatre: A. Cole's Comedy co. opened its season here 6, presenting Stolen Kisses all week to good business. Co. first-class; best of satisfaction. Cast is Ed Warner, Owen Westford, J. F. Dean, F. Vincent, Frank Ward, Marie Linnick, Anna Bishop, Annie Russell and Gladys Thornton.

Arden: Barnum's Circus gave two performances 8 to immense crowds. Over 30,000 people attended.

HARTFORD.

Barnum came on, and, as usual, drew immense crowds at two performances. The special feature was Paul Boyton in his aquatic feats in the miniature lake. A baby camel was born during the stay here, and of course was promptly christened Hartford.

After the success of the new piece, True Irish Hearts, to Allyn Hall 9-11. Uniform good business, considering the lateness of the season. The play introduces very beautiful scenery, and throughout is clever. Dan McCarthy and Kitty Coleman were enthusiastically received.

Professor Gleason's Horse Show occupies Jacobs and Proctor's the present week.

Manager Wing was entertained at Law's Cafe on last Tuesday evening by about thirty friends, and attaches of the Opera House. During the evening he was presented with a gold-headed cane and a smoking set.

A local paper thus notices the affair: "During the past season, the Opera House, of the Opera House, has made many friends in Hartford, and has succeeded in not only impressing the community at large with his admirable qualities, but also in securing the adhesion and affection of his subordinates and of the laity. The Opera House, therefore, has arrived at a point where it is in a position to present a new and original production, and it is to be congratulated upon the success of their undertaking."

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WASHINGTON.

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Helene Lamont has been at home for the past week. She is looking very well, and has been receiving congratulations of her numerous friends, who are delighted with her success with Stetson's Opera Co. which has just closed in Boston. She goes to New York this week, and later to the theatre. She is, I think, declining several good offers for summer engagements. No one can do good singing the year round.

ILLINOIS.

OTTAWA.

Opera House (F. A. Sherwood, manager): Eunice Goodrich Comedy co. week of 6; medium business; good satisfaction.

SPRINGFIELD.

Chatterton's Opera House (J. H. Freeman, manager): Jeffery Lewis in Clothide and Forget-Me-Not, 8, 9, to small business because of exceeding warm weather.

INDIANA.

INDIANAPOLIS.

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The prevailing opinion was that he had sprained his throat by a bad quality of—of well, call it music. The presentation of Faust was the grandest performance of grand opera ever seen here. All of the principals were warmly welcomed. The mounting has never been recalled. There was an incident strike here—some of the chorus and ballet, numbering about fifty people, and fifteen carpenters refused to work longer unless paid something on the arrears of salaries. From here the co. went to Cleveland, and was followed by District Passenger Agent Peck, of the C. C. and I. Railway, who wanted to look for transportation. It is a known fact that the co. is in financial straits.

The Miss Goldthwaite co. will soon appear at English's. Miss Goldthwaite is an Indianapolis star. Bert Dasher is arranging a grand Fourth of July celebration at Broad Ripple. He has engaged balloons and rope-walkers for the season of four weeks.

A recent letter says that James V. Cooke will probably be with Hoyt and Thomas next season. "Our Jim" is a favorite advance agent.

The Museum has had a successful week with Collars and Cuffs and A Piece of Pie as the attraction. Next week, (23) a "string show."

TERRE HAUTE.

Opera House (W. O. Naylor, manager): Professor Gleason entertained a large number of people week of 6 with his remarkable performance with vicious horses. E. V. Anglim, while here last month purchased John R. Hager's musical comedy, A Sweet Affair.

Wick Roberts, manager of Professor Gleason, will send his son here to the Post-Office Institute next year.

ELKHART.

Backlin's Opera House (J. L. Brodick, manager): Sells Brothers Circus so, attracted only a fair crowd in the afternoon. In the evening the tents were crowded, and there was general satisfaction.

IOWA.

DUBUQUE.

Opera House (Duncan and Waller, managers): Macabre's Troubadours were greeted by a good house 1. The play, A Basket Picnic, was co. coc ad by James McCabell in the center of the Salubry Troubadours. The entire co. is composed of Dubuque talent. Flattering press notices and good houses. As an Irish comedian James McCabe was excellent. He sang well and gave a good representation of a jolly son of Erin. Julietta Kitchner and Rich Jones, who were very pleasing managers, became a favorite at once. Miss Halbeimann, in the character of an old lady, was very fine. Lou Snider has a charming stage appearance and possesses a good deal of comedy talent.

Fred. De Lorimer, as Claude Hopper, the gentle dupe, was amusing. He has a good voice, and his portrayal of the character was original. S. H. Clinton is a very clever comedian, and his comedy was a favorite. By special request, the play was repeated 9, giving good satisfaction to a large and fashionable audience.

SIOUX CITY.

Academy of Music (W. J. Buchanan, manager): The Andrews Opera Co. closed an engagement of three performances. Crowded houses. E. T. Stetson's co. 13, week. McGibney Family 30-1.

DAVENPORT.

Burtis Opera House (A. C. Mader, co. manager): Sarah Bernhardt played Fedora 7 to a good house. We lack adjectives to properly criticize her magnificent acting. Garnier was a disappointment to those who had seen Mattell as Loris, though his apparent indifference to the fate of the heroine was a favorite. The play was certainly a success. Week of 13. Eunice Goodrich Dramatic Co. at ten and twenty cents. These people wanted to play The Banker's Daughter, but, fearing that it was overrated, they decided to give it. The management were right.—Ed. Mirror.]

KANSAS.

KANSAS CITY.

Summer Opera: W. H. Thomas, associate manager of the Ninth Street Theatre, returned Wednesday morning from the East, bringing the opera co. which will play during the summer season at Music Hall. The co. is selected from McCann's, Conrad's and Stetson's forces and includes Ida Mule, Emma Mabelle Baker, Marie Hageman, Mabel Hall, Eva Ballou, George Gromick, Edward Temple, Harry Batterberry, Thomas Christy and H. K. Kees. Herma Perlet, lessee of McCann's co., will be the musical director, and all the productions will be under his direct supervision. The chorus will consist of thirty people. The co. will also introduce Ruddygore, Iolanthe, Beggar Student, Prince Methusalem, Olivette and other popular light operas. The scenery for Ruddygore will be all new.

The season will undoubtedly be a financial and artistic success. Museum: Ireland As It Is was the drama last week, and drew good houses of liberty-loving people.

PARSONS.

Opera House (L. L. Baird, manager): Stetson Dramatic Co. 6, played The Olive Branch to small audience. Were billed for 7-8, but failed to appear on account of small patronage.

MASSACHUSETTS.

SPRINGFIELD.

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NEW YORK MIRROR

The Organ of the Theatrical Managers and Dramatic Professions of America.

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HARRISON GREY FISKE, . . . EDITOR

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MIRROR LETTER-LIST.

Atwood, C. T. . . .
 Abbott, James . . .
 Alder, James . . .
 Burgess, C. E. . . .
 Bishop, W. C. . . .
 Berry, M. L. . . .
 Brown, John . . .
 Brown, Lillian (tel.) . . .
 Barrett, Lawrence . . .
 Burns, Herbert . . .
 E. L. . . .
 Bennett and Moulton . . .
 Brown, J. H. . . .
 Buchanan, H. . . .
 Blackford, Miss G. A. . . .
 Bangs, F. C. . . .
 Burton, Miss A. M. . . .
 Byron, Fred . . .
 Carson, Miss M. . . .
 Clark, H. C. . . .
 Carlotta, W. T. . . .
 Crocker, J. . . .
 Cor, W. E. . . .
 Cowell, E. D. . . .
 Corby, Sheridan . . .
 Clague, Vernon . . .
 Collingwood, . . .
 Coeyne, J. A. . . .
 Coburn, S. K. . . .
 Carroll, John . . .
 Crocker, W. C. . . .
 Crotty, Theo. W. . . .
 Cold Day Manager . . .
 Campbell, C. J. . . .
 Clark, Richard . . .
 Clarks, H. F. . . .
 Comstock and McGee . . .
 Chatham, H. J. . . .
 Duncan, Charles . . .
 Dwyer, W. J. . . .
 Deane, R. . . .
 Driscoll, H. . . .
 Dismore, Miss . . .
 Dwyer, T. . . .
 Downing, Joseph . . .
 Elms, Lillian . . .
 Elms, H. W. . . .
 Elms, W. . . .
 Farley, T. D. . . .
 Fox, Marion . . .
 Fox, Della . . .
 Furber, Kate . . .
 Fisher, Virginia . . .
 Fuller, Robert . . .
 Fitzgerald, W. H. . . .
 Ford, Francis . . .
 Foster, W. E. . . .
 Foster, W. A. . . .
 Farnsworth, J. J. . . .
 Goodwin, Nat. . . .
 Graham, L. E. . . .
 Granger, Willis . . .
 Gregg, W. H. . . .
 Grinnell, Hattie . . .
 Gray, Alice . . .
 Gayer, Charles . . .
 Harris, Hamilton . . .
 Harrison, George . . .
 Hill, C. D. . . .
 Hill, H. C. . . .
 Hudson, R. C. . . .
 Harrison, D. . . .
 Harbison, W. S. . . .
 Herod, Agnes . . .
 Hall, J. C. . . .
 Hanson, Maud . . .
 Hudson and O'Hell . . .
 Holston, Frank . . .
 Hyde, J. M. . . .
 Johnson, O. . . .
 Jovan, T. A. . . .
 Kew, Mary . . .
 Keady, Mrs. . . .
 Kimball, Jennie . . .
 Kite, Harry . . .
 Knight, O. S. . . .
 East, S. M. . . .
 Lachy, William . . .
 Lacy, Harry . . .
 Lewis, Catharine . . .
 Livingston, Bertha . . .

should her professional popularity ever wane, but because it opens up a vista of useful opportunities for such of Mrs. Langtry's sisters as are not above utilizing the various avenues that lead to free and innocent newspaper notoriety.

Given the knowledge and the aptitude, the enterprising seeker after gratuitous celebrity would find the dilt handling of the composing-stick a means to public notice. What editor, however hard-hearted, could refuse the small favor of letting a pair of fair hands set up a little puffing of their owner? The scheme is original and irresistible. Doubtless during the Summer master-printers will receive many applications from charming actresses to learn the trade, that they may be equipped to follow the illustrious example of the beautiful Mrs. Langtry.

The Dance and the Opera.

The assaults upon the ballet of the American or National Opera company has naturally called to the front Mrs. Thurber, who responds that "she only consents to the ballet as a necessary accessory to the operas which the troupe are performing," thereby implying that the ballet is an important part of these musical works. Musicians repeat the plea that the ballet is a "necessary accessory" as a libel upon the compositions into whose harmonies it enters as a discordant element. It is asserted that the ballet is an interruption or hindrance to the music, although there are exceptions where it is successfully introduced.

The objectors in taking their position lose sight of the accepted dictum of Coleridge that a drama has for its framework or skeleton a ballet structure and movement, and that the dramatic element is essential to every good opera.

From time immemorial all nations and tribes have had dances employed on festive and solemn occasions. These have been accepted and domiciliated into as far as they emanated from the hearts and impulses of the people. And here, we must confess, lies the *laches* which has sprung upon us this discussion, in censure of the ballet as exploited by the National Opera. The promoters of that enterprise when child could not turn upon their assailants with the declaration that "These are apropos to and the growth of our country, and conform in that character to the aptitudes and proprieties of our habitat."

In the end it will be discovered—in fact it is already obvious—that whatever hindrances and obstacles have beset the course of this great operatic venture have presented themselves because it is not in any inbred sense "National." What it has done in regard to nationality can be claimed perhaps fairly as introductory or vestibules to the in-dwelling life of a true national opera. We demand for such an organic existence an outgrowth of our soil, ennobling the soul and spirit of the land we live in.

In proportion, we may add, as the music is pure and the opera proper, high-toned, the ballet, conforming to and in harmony with it, helps to complete the ideal and aesthetic circuit. They move and rise and fall and keep a true rhythm together. There is innate music in the ballet, there is innate ballet in the music.

In regard to the alleged harmful influence of the ballet, in proportion as it is good ballet it removes itself to a higher sphere, aloof from the sensual appanage and transports the beholder to a land of spirits and a spectacle which becomes the primal innocence of our race, which is the province of great art rather than dogging our aspirations with the muddy vesture of our corrupt estate.

Viewed with the far-reaching field-glass of cultured and improved humanity, it is our lowly ancestor in her soilless beauty that we see, and not the errant fatten woman of these later times. We claim for the arts that it is their province to reopen to the world the gates of Eden and invite us within, not to be drawn back by the flaming sword of an offended angel.

Personal.

KLAW.—Marc Klaw is racked with the reading of new plays for Effie Ellsler.

HASWIN.—Carl A. Haswin has played the title role in *The Silver King* over 900 times.

MINER.—Harry Miner is spending the Summer at his country-house on the Shrewsbury River.

CANBY.—A. H. Canby will have the management of the Road Casino company next season.

ELLSLER.—Effie Ellsler is whiling away the Summer at her father's cottage at Long Branch.

NOBLES.—Milton Nobles has moved his household gods into his new cottage at Bell Island, near South Norwalk, Ct., where he will remain until the middle of August.

SCANLAN.—W. J. Scanlan has gone on a trip up the St. Lawrence, where he will spend a few weeks.

CHANFRAU.—Henry T. Chanfrau is the happy father of a fine baby boy born last Tuesday. Mother and child are doing well.

PETERS.—Fred W. Peters has been re-engaged to support Margaret Mather, enacting such roles as *Modus*, *Dolly Spanker*, *Glavis*, etc.

HARRISON.—Alice Harrison has returned from the Pacific Coast and is domiciled in the city with her parents. She has divulged no plans for the future.

SHERIDAN.—Emma V. Sheridan is spending the Summer with friends in Chicago. She will resume her place in Richard Mansfield's company about Sept. 1.

DICKSON.—Louise Dickson, who has been seriously ill, but is convalescent, will sail for Europe on June 25, accompanied by her daughter, Little Ollie Berkley.

PITOU.—Gus Pitou arrived in the city on Sunday last after spending two weeks at Lake Simcoe, near Toronto, where he was the guest, with W. J. Scanlan, of O. B. Sheppard.

SHERIDAN.—W. E. Sheridan, the tragedian, is dead. He died in Sydney, N. S. W., of apoplexy. Before his death Mr. Sheridan had begun arrangements for another tour of the States.

EVANS.—Lizzie Evans intends to rely on *Our Angel* and another new play the coming season, and give her old repertoire a rest. Fogg's Ferry has been presented over two thousand times.

VINCENT.—Alice Vincent, who won deserved laurels as prima donna soprano of Carleton's Opera company last season, is at liberty. Miss Vincent is talented and possessed of fine vocal power.

GERMON.—Effie Germon has not yet signed for next season. This admirable actress, so long identified with Mr. Wallace's stage, will be an acquisition to whatever company she may be associated.

FITZ ALLAN.—Adelaide Fitz Allan will be leading lady for Mile. Rhea next season. Miss Fitz Allan selected this offer from among three or four. This will be the lady's second season as lead to Mile. Rhea.

GILLETTE.—Fanny Gillette has returned, or is about to return, from abroad. She has been in London on a visit to a brother, and in Paris to obtain a wardrobe for her coming season as leading lady with Robert Mantell.

BRADLEY.—Leonora Bradley sailed for Europe yesterday (Wednesday) by the *Italy*. She writes that she intends to produce a comedy-drama, by Jessop and Gill, at a West End (London) theatre some time in August.

MANSFIELD.—Richard Mansfield's season at the Madison Square Theatre with Prince Karl is something remarkable, far exceeding that of last season. While this condition exists a change of bill would be folly. The smooth performance of Prince Karl has just taken place.

MILLER.—Arthur Miller, manager for Minnie Madden, takes a two weeks' vacation this month by commanding the palace steamer *Hudson* that plies on the Mississippi River, from St. Louis up. 'Tis said that, next to the theatrical profession, Mr. Miller loves a steamboat best.

SOOTHERN.—Edward H. Sothern was taught the art of draughting, and Manager Frohman has pressed him into souvenir service. The fiftieth performance of *The Highest Bidder* takes place at the Lyceum Theatre next Thursday night, and in honor of the occasion souvenirs will be distributed containing pen-and-ink sketches of the play drawn by Mr. Sothern.

YARDLEY.—William Yardley, the English playwright, is spending the Summer at George Clarke's residence, at Norwalk, Conn., and is engaged in writing stage productions, from comic opera to drama and farce. It is not generally known that Mr. Yardley assisted materially in the writing of *Fashion*, Mrs. Dolan's play, and that he will be interested financially in its production by the Madison Square company.

LE BARON.—A portrait of Lisette Le Baron graces the first page of THE MIRROR this week. Miss Baron is a young actress of decided promise. She has appeared in many companies and in a wide range of characters. During the past season she has personated the volatile Juliana Bloggs—the gushing young actress who gives her mother so much concern—in *The Wages of Sin*, and the vein of comedy with which she invested the part always roused the audience to applause and hearty laughter and evoked the praises of the critics.

Orthoepy.

If the performances given by Miss Rose Coghlan and her company at the Grand Opera House last week were not all that the critical could desire, there were certainly among the better performances given in New York by travelling organizations during the season just passed.

Masks and Faces has proved the most attractive drama in Miss Coghlan's repertoire, which was owing, in a great measure, doubtless, to the excellence of Mr. John G. McDonald's personation of Triplet. Mr. McDonald was the most artistic player in the Coghlan organization, and his methods are as temperate as they are effective. To the average playgoer he seems hardly to act at all. His art is the kind of art that conceals art; it consists of being effective without any seeming effort. He uses less voice than any of those around him, yet he is always more easily understood than they, while of grimacing and of action, if he

used less he would use none at all. Mr. McDonald is one of those actors that are always welcome on the scene.

In Miss Coghlan's company Mr. McDonald had a colleague that was as unlike him as it is possible for one actor to be unlike another—Mr. A. S. Lipman. Everything about Mr. Lipman—his walk, his bearing, his utterance, his facial contortions—proclaim the fact that he is struggling to be effective. He acts so much that he acts all the nature out of every character he attempts to personate. Mr. Lipman possesses one merit, and only one—that of being vigorous. If Mr. Lipman would make an artistic player of himself he should begin by taking a heroic dose of repression. Unless he effects a radical change in his methods, he will find that he has already arrived at the end of his tether. What he mistakes in himself for art is only vigorous, self-sufficient crudity. He is like the horse fresh from the desert—unbroken and unclipped.

Menagerie. Mr. Dickson errs in giving the second syllable of this word the sound of *aj*; it properly has the sound of *ask*.

Susie. Mr. Gothold pronounces this proper name as though it were written *soo*, instead of *su*.

Survey. When used as a substantive, the first is the accented syllable; when used as a verb, the second.

Among the many letters I receive (quite as often without any stamp to pay the postage on my answer as with one) asking questions in orthoepy, grammar, rhetoric and elocution, I received one a few days ago from a professor of elocution in a university asking whether I do not think the word *what* should be emphasized more strongly than *may* in the clause "What dreams may come" in Hamlet's soliloquy on death. Or that *what* rather than *may* is the word in the clause that should be emphasized in order to make the thought easy to seize. I quote as much of the context as is necessary to the full understanding of the matter.

To sleep? perchance to dream—ay, there's the rub! For in that sleep of death, what dreams may come When we have shuffled off this mortal coil Must give us pause.

My correspondent writes: "What is the word I emphasize. Have you thought of it? or, better, what do you think of it? I have given much thought to the passage, and read it as I do for these reasons:

"1st. *Perchance to dream* is equivalent to *dreams may come*.

"2d. *What* is equivalent to, *What awful*, or other adjective.

"3d. It is not the fact of the possible coming of the dreams that must give us pause, but *what* those dreams (aforementioned) may be."

My correspondent displays a good deal of acumen in defending his reading. Indeed his reasons are as weighty, I think, as any that could be offered. We agree entirely with regard to the meaning of the clause—that the possibility that horrible dreams may come must give us pause—but we do not agree with regard to the way to bring the meaning out, for I would make *may* more emphatic than *what*.

We all know that the moment we change the meaning of words, we must change the manner of reading them, and that, on the other hand, the moment we change the manner of reading words, we put a different meaning into them. If with this clause my correspondent were inquiring, "What dreams may come?" in response to the statement, "But dreams may come," he would emphasize it precisely as he emphasizes it where it stands, different as its meaning is in its present position. If, further, the clause were used, as an exclamation, in response to the statement, "But dreams may come" (the equivalent, remember, of *perchance to dream*) thus, for example: "Ay, and *what* dreams may come!" *what* would again be emphatic, though the rest of the clause would be differently treated.

It is the thought that we emphasize, or, if you please, it is always the thought that determines where the emphasis shall be placed. If one word alone expresses the salient, the emphatic thought, then that word alone gets the stress; but if, as it often occurs, several words are used to express a thought, then they are all emphatic, the last word being slightly the most emphatic.

With regard to the thought here we agree, as I have already said, namely: The possibility that horrible dreams may come must make us hesitate. Now, which word in the clause, *What dreams may come*, expresses this possibility, the salient thought? It is certainly not *what*; it certainly is *may*. Indeed, one of the first meanings of *may* is, *To be possible*. The true reading of this clause may be fairly well represented by putting *what* in italics and *may* in small caps, thus: "What dreams MAY come." Let me, in the hope of making others see as I see, paraphrase the language of the author, thus: To sleep? perchance *dreams* may come to us—ay, there's the rub! for in that sleep of death, such dreams as MAY POSSIBLY come to us must give us pause.

Another reason for putting the chief stress on *may* that would weigh for something with the declaimer, is the fact that the long vowel-sound in *may* is a sound we can dwell on, whereas the short vowel-sound in *what* is not.

No, I do not think a Hamlet would meet with much success in making clear the thought in the clause considered, to the average auditor, if he put the chief stress on *what*, while I think he would be quite successful if he read as I suggest.

I have gone thus somewhat fully into the discussion of the reading of these four words, not because, in itself, it is of so much importance—oh, no!—but to show how much thought and how much analytic acumen are sometimes necessary if we would discover just how language should be handled in order to bring out the meaning intended by the author, even when the meaning, as in this instance, is clear. If a Hamlet slipped in reading this clause only, it would not, I readily admit, affect the personation of the character perceptibly, but a hundred such slips would, all will admit, affect it materially.

To read without attending to the pauses, the emphases and the inflections can hardly be called reading. It is simply calling over the words; it is simply pitching the words at the listeners, saying to them: There they are; get the meaning out of them for yourselves, as best you can!

I know full well that there are many players, very many, that take no interest in questions of this kind, but these are not the artists of the dramatic profession. Far from it—they are only the artisans. Where they leave off, the dramatic artist just begins to find that part of his art that really interests him; that part that offers him a field for unlimited study. Every one has his intellectual horizon. To be what one is not is impossible. If the rank and file haven't brains enough to admit of their attacking the intellectual side of the actor's art, whose fault is it? Not theirs, certainly! However, there are not a few of the artisans that might be, if they would try to be, what they erroneously think themselves to be—artists!

I may add that neither *what* nor *may*, but *dreams* is the word we commonly hear readers of the soliloquy emphasize.

Theatre. If Miss Pixley would conform to polite usage she must not sound the *a* of this word long. Miss Pixley's pronunciation of this word is a bit Hibernian.

Again, if Miss Pixley would conform to polite usage she must pronounce this word *agen* and not *agane*.

Girl. If Miss Pixley would conform to polite usage she must not pronounce this word as though it were written *girl*.

Transaction. If Miss Pixley would conform to polite usage she must not pronounce the *s* of this word like *s*.

Actor. If Mr. Reynier will consult any dictionary he will find that the *o* of this word is not the *o* of *nor*, and that it should be sounded like obscure *o*.

Parent. If Miss Barclay will consult the authorities, she will find that the *a* of this word is not the *a* of *pane*, but the *a* of *care*, *fare*, etc. ALFRED AYRES.

Printing and the Law.

"There may be considerable dread about the Inter-State Commerce law," said A. S. Seer, of No. 19 East Seventeenth Street, to a MIRROR reporter who called on him the other day, "but in spite of all that the orders for printing go on just the same, and we are even busier than we were last year at this time. Companies cannot go on the road without printing. They might as well stay at home as try to; and I'm not hearing of many that are staying home. The expectations I had of what Matt Morgan would do for the house have been more than realized. We expected an avalanche, and it has come. Mr. Morgan came in a dull season, but in spite of it we were rushed with orders from the beginning.

"I attribute considerable of the increase in our business to the change in our location. We are near Broadway—the great thoroughfare—now, and though there were lots of actors over on Fourth Avenue, where we used to be, they were not of the kind that bring in orders. Such men as Mr. Palmer, Messrs. Miles and Barton, or Mr. Aronson, never went on the other side of the Square. Another advantage is our office being on the ground floor. There were only two flights of stairs to climb over at the other place, yet they used to grumble about it, and many would not come on that account."

Mr. Seer's hopeful view of affairs was not belied by his surroundings. Mr. Morgan's sketches, as is well-known in the profession, are unexcelled for their vividness and general excellence, besides which he is very quick and can do the work of four men in the same time without slighting his drawing. Mr. Seer has obtained a ten years' lease of the building, which is admirably suited for his business. There are six floors, including cellars, the entire flooring being over 12,000 feet. A Corliss engine of 64 horse power, and an immense boiler have been put in. Over twenty large presses are in continuous use, and the orders ahead keep all hands busy as bees.

A "Spirit" of Fairness.

Spirit of the Times.
 The Fund numbers 2,046 professionals—not half enough, not one-third enough. It is the duty of every actor, singer and theatrical employe to join the Fund. If not for his or her own sake, then for the sake of those comrades who may require assistance. The annual dues are only \$2, and there is no further pecuniary responsibility. Manager Palmer was unanimously re-elected President. H. C. Minor and William Henderson, Vice-Presidents; T. Henry French, Treasurer; H. G. Fiske, Secretary, and Messrs. Edwards, Sinn, Daly, Albright, Aldrich, Mallory, Schoeffel, Aronson, Pastor, Knowles, Gilmore, Fleishman, Smith and Watkins, Trustees, were chosen after some opposition, led by Messrs. Mayer and Aldrich. We should sympathize with the opposition to any person identified with one dramatic paper being an officer of the Fund if it were not for the special service rendered by the paper of which H. G. Fiske is the editor. The Actors' Fund was originated—was actually created—by the *Spirit* and THE MIRROR, with the sympathy and assistance of A. M. Palmer, and it is right that the official list should recognize and commemorate this fact. The liberal subscriptions for the Actors' Cemetery and Monument were the direct result of an appeal in THE MIRROR, as Manager Palmer cordially acknowledged in his dedicatory address. Such services as these are worthy of exceptional honors, and, therefore, we cannot think the course of the opposition justifiable. The officers of the Fund discharge their duties without salary or fees, and the outcome demonstrates that these duties could not be done more efficiently and faithfully. But, content or discontent, we want to see every professional in the country a member of the Fund, and ten times as many of them present at the next annual meeting.

"The New York Mirror has the Largest Dramatic Circulation in America."

The Mirror at Summer Resorts.

Readers of THE MIRROR who are going out of town for the Summer can have the paper sent to them, on the following terms, by forwarding their address and the amount to this office:

50 cents for four weeks.
 \$1.00 for ten weeks.
 \$1.25 for thirteen weeks.
 Free of postage.

TO NEWSDEALERS AND OTHERS.

Should there be any difficulty in obtaining THE MIRROR at any of the Summer resorts, the publishers will deem it a particular favor to be informed of the fact. Steps will immediately be taken to supply dealers in such places.

A New Idea.

Mrs. Langtry has been visiting a newspaper office in St. Paul and exploring its various departments. It is recorded that the actress seated herself on a stool in the composing-room, picked up a "stick" and proceeded to familiarize herself with the alphabetical mysteries of the case before her. It was not long before the types began to click merrily, and in about half an hour the dainty hand of the Lily had set up this sentence: "The Globe building is the crowning glory of St. Paul." Not being used to the word "saint," she asked whether to abbreviate it or spell it out. Beyond this she received no advice or assistance, doing it all by her little self.

We are glad to hear of this, not only because it relieves our anxiety as to how Mrs. Langtry could earn her daily bread

The Usher.



One evening not long ago Miss Urquhart, of the Casino company, dropped into Miss Hall's dressing-room for a chat. She took occasion to suggest that it would be a capital idea for the prima donna and herself to concoct some scheme to obtain a free newspaper advertisement, hinting meanwhile that she knew an avenue by which to get into print. Miss Hall did not receive the proposition favorably, explaining that she preferred to eschew all other means of gaining celebrity save her stage work.

A few days after this incident the *Herald* published a column of trash about Miss Hall's alleged jealousy of Miss Urquhart's new dresses and purporting to give an account of the manner in which the former actress left the stage in a dudgeon on the night of the 400th performance of *Erminie* and refused to finish her part. This yarn was taken up in other quarters and circulated widely.

The story was made out of whole cloth. It had no foundation whatever. Miss Hall wasn't jealous of Miss Urquhart's gowns and had no reason to be; she didn't desert on the 400th night, and the *Herald's* narrative was all as purely imaginative as its absurd report of the Actors' Monument Dedication last week.

Miss Hall, putting this and that together, thinks that Miss Urquhart had a hand in the manufacture of the episode, and as a consequence no words pass between them except on the stage.

Henry Dixey and his family will probably Summer at Jack Huntley's hospitable Harbor Island Hotel, Mamaroneck. The hostelry and its whole-souled proprietor are both deservedly popular with professionals, who usually take possession of it during the heated part of the vacation.

Nearby places along the Sound, by the bye, are growing in favor, Summer by Summer, with theatrical people. Jack Ryley, Madeleine Lucette, Charles Dickson, J. W. Keller, John E. Nash, Agnes Elliott, Mark Smith, Francis Wilson, John Howson and Phil Goatcher are at New Rochelle; Minnie Madden and Kate Claxton are at Larchmont; Harriet Webb at Rye, and A. M. Palmer, Lester Wallack, C. R. Gardiner and Gustave Frohman at Stamford.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Sanger and T. Henry French sailed for England on Saturday. A crowd of friends saw them off, and choked up their staircases with fruit, flowers and cases of "fizz."

And apropos of sailing, Our Sage left by the White Star steamer yesterday. For three months he will have no resting-place for the sole of his foot. He does not hope to be very dove like, however. With the restless change and hurry of a foreign tour he expects to be more can't-anchor-ous than ever.

Blanche Davenport, who came back from a prolonged European sojourn the other day, is spending the Summer with her mother and family at Canton. The charming prima donna will go back to France again in the Autumn. Her sister Fanny will run across the sea in August for a brief stay. She says the trip has no professional significance, but it shrewdly surmise the remote result of it will be the appearance of the distinguished actress in a new play by Victorien Sardou. *Nous verrons*.

Richard Mansfield, during his stay at the Madison Square, does not put out a lithograph or a stand of bills. All his announcements are made through the newspapers. The consequence is that the large houses Prince Karl is being played to represent solid money. Lithography and wall printing may be advantageously utilized in New York by a certain class of attractions, playing in a certain set of theatres, but for performances that appeal to the most intelligent body of playgoers—the people who seek information from the newspapers and not from the bill-boards and dead-walls—money expended in that way is as good as thrown into the street.

On Saturday two parties of famous: Waltons and Nimrods will leave town. One, composed of Dr. Robertson, Clay M. Greene and Geoffrey Hawley, will proceed to the wilds of Maine. Another, headed by Kit Clarke, and including the Hon. Robert Roosevelt, Professor Baird and Dr. Henshall, goes on a trip to and along the North shore of Lake Superior. A palace excursion car has been chartered from the Northern Pacific, and it will be used as a headquarters. Mr. Clarke and his companions meet it at Brainerd, Minn. on the 27th inst., where

guides, dogs, carts, boats, commissary, etc., have been accumulating for some time. The first stop will be at Nipigon River, a famous fishing stream.

Word reaches me of a pleasant dinner tendered to Annie Ward Tiffany on her birthday last Saturday by Edna Carey at "Carey Villa" in the Catskills. There were many guests and the affair was thoroughly enjoyable.

In the June number of that admirable little periodical, *Shakespeareana*, Fanny Davenport gives her views of the character of Beatrice in *Much Ado*. They are characteristically and lucidly set forth, and they have a peculiar interest from the fact that the actress played the part for the first time last season. Miss Davenport's interpretation is logical and, in some important respects, decidedly original.

The other day Jennie Lee Randolph had a birthday anniversary. She resides at Bridgeport, and so, as all the world knows, does P. T. Barnum. The actress received a present from the veteran showman in the form of a spirited team of Shetland ponies, with phaeton, harness and all complete.

A Tempest in a Teapot.

The *Evening Sun*, with persistent mendacity born either of hatred or malice, has several times since the dedication of the Actors' Monument published false paragraphs concerning the manner in which the Dedication Committee of the Actors' Fund arranged for the reception of the invited guests on that occasion.

It may be well to state at the outset, by way of explanation, that the dramatic reporter of the nocturnal *Sun* is an attaché of the *Clipper*, a weekly publication devoted to sporting and variety interests. Before the late Civil War the *Clipper* (which still bears a curious and interesting study of ante-bellum journalistic methods and ideas) gave some attention to theatrical matters and enjoyed a select circulation among the nigger-bands and vagrant strollers of that period. With the march of events came a new dramatic era; *THE MIRROR*, a large, able and enterprising journal devoted exclusively to theatrical affairs, was founded and speedily became the recognized organ of managers and actors throughout the land. The *Clipper* virtually lost what little patronage it had derived from the profession in consequence.

However, by dint of commendable energy in serving up the news of the prize-ring, race-track, etc., it retained its proud eminence as the chosen friend and champion of the pug, the jockey and the pedestrian. That the "sports" appreciate the *Clipper* is substantially shown in its advertisement columns, which are liberally patronized by the dealers in faro-tools, keno outfits, roulette-boards, monte tickets, boxing-gloves, imitation diamonds, mouth harmonicas, horse-clippers, pool balls, transparent picture cards, "rare" books, patent nostrums, and other useful articles. They also direct the reader where he may buy books that will teach him the surest devices for winning with cards and dice, some of which are used and heartily endorsed by the Sporting Fraternity; besides many other valuable volumes on kindred subjects. A fine and artistic flavor of variety is also given to these profitable columns by the cards of a noble and accomplished army of contortionists, banjoists, rope-walkers, double song-and-dance artists, bird imitators, balloonists, museum freaks, club-swingers and side-show notabilities.

The local columns are scarcely less diversified and absorbing. Following are several specimen items, pregnant with interest, that are gleaned from a cursory view of the current number of the *Clipper*:

Pat McDonald and James Farrell, of Toledo, O., want a match with any pair in the world for \$500 a side in a paving contest, in either cobble, Medina or granite, for ten hours, a week or a month.

Patry Leary and Patsy Carroll were to have fought a fight with this gloves, under Queensbury rules, in Athletic Hall, Cleveland, O., June 11, for a purse of \$250, but the police got the tip and upset the arrangements before the men faced. They may meet on Canadian soil during the current week.

On Wednesday last Daniel Vincent drew in his net, near New Baltimore, and found in it a immense shad, the largest ever found in the waters of the Hudson, and weighing together 15 1/2 pounds.

Dr. Burke, a local physician of LaSalle, Ill., recently ate 100 claims at one sitting, and is said to be willing to wager that he can devour twelve and one-half dozen as fast as they can be opened for him.

But all the space of the *Clipper* is not devoted to recording such important matters as the above. Some of it is reserved for a department of answers to correspondents, in which the humble seeker of knowledge can drink his fill after the following fashion: Pharmacy.—You were not entitled to the pot, which you opened without a right, whether by mistake or not. M. G., Falls City.—Harry Kincaid, the leaper, died at Pulaski, Tenn., Oct. 2, 1887, from injuries received while throwing a double-barreled shot at a circus performance two or three days previous.

Now, we have digressed from the main subject of this article—the charges against the Dedication Committee—simply to establish these facts: that the *Clipper* bears no good will to *THE MIRROR*, and the *Evening Sun's* strictures upon the committee's management were penned by a *Clipper* attaché. The wherefore of the malicious paragraphs is revealed when it is explained that the Editor of *THE MIRROR* was a member of the Dedication Committee.

The origin and animus of the attacks now being understood, we will briefly consider the "charges" themselves. When arrangements for the dedication services on June 6 were begun by the Dedication Committee, the task of issuing invitations and tickets to the platform for invited guests was relegated by them to Edward Aronson and Harrison Grey Fiske. They were instructed to invite the press, the principal stars and managers, and such pro-

fessionals as had contributed notably to the monument or the Actors' Fund. Eight hundred invitations were mailed to all these whose addresses could be found. The platform at the cemetery accommodated about 300, and it was estimated that not more than that number would apply for cards of admission as directed in the letter of invitation. Under this arrangement Messrs. Aronson and Fiske sent out 310 platform tickets. The balance were taken by members of the Committee to give to such prominent professionals as might be found at the grounds. A list of those to whom the cards were sent was preserved. All that received invitations and applied were given one or two tickets. Ten people who had not been sent invitations and who were either non-professionals or unknown in the profession were refused tickets after due deliberation on the part of Messrs. Aronson and Fiske. Many professionals, no doubt, misconceived the purpose for which the stand was erected and the powers of the gentlemen named regarding admission to it. The platform was not meant to accommodate the whole dramatic profession, but such people as the Committee thought best to specially invite. The impossibility of any more general arrangement must be apparent to any rational person. Of course it was impossible to satisfy everybody, as is always the case in such matters. Some were unavoidably overlooked, and many that complained were not, under the rule, entitled to seats. The people that were disgruntled belonged to the latter class. When the platform was found to be unsafe and the police gave orders that no more should be admitted upon it, there were late-comers holding tickets who raised a hubbub because they were prevented from jeopardizing their lives and limbs and those of several hundreds of others.

And now for the case of Annie Wood, who has been cited as one of the malcontents by the *Evening Sun*. Miss Wood, it will be remembered, did valuable service in collecting money for *THE MIRROR's* Memorial Fund. By her exertions about \$700 was brought in. From week to week during the progress of the movement her noble work was commented on at length in this journal and singled out for special commendation. The Trustees of the Fund tendered her a special vote of thanks for her services. The praise and acknowledgment accorded to the lady was certainly in keeping with her exertions. One day last week the *Sun* referred to her efforts in an article which concluded as follows:

Now comes the reward of merit. Wishing to witness the dedicatory ceremonies, she called on Mr. Fiske more than a week ago and asked for two tickets, one for herself and one for a lady friend, as she did not wish to go alone. She was refused two tickets and was told she could only have one. She declined the offer, stated she would have two or none, and left *THE MIRROR's* office without any. Just now she is exceedingly indignant.

These statements were utterly false. Miss Wood applied to Mr. Fiske for two tickets before the tickets had been printed. After explaining the nature of the arrangement, Mr. Fiske said that her name would be put on the list which Mr. Aronson was to examine, and the tickets mailed to her as soon as they were ready. This was done, Miss Wood receiving tickets No. 13 and 14. She attended the services accompanied by her sister. Mr. Fiske, noticing that the ushers had placed them in seats behind the speakers, suggested that they should occupy places in front. Miss Wood neither then nor previously expressed the slightest dissatisfaction with her treatment.

The day following the publication of the *Sun's* lie a representative of *THE MIRROR* was dispatched to Miss Wood's residence to request her to write a denial of it for publication. Miss Wood flatly refused to do this simple act of justice on the ground that she "hadn't been offered more than two seats, and was treated like an outsider." She received precisely the number she had asked for. Mr. Fiske wrote a letter to the *Sun*, giving the true facts of the case. This was not published in full, but it's *Clipper* man took occasion to reiterate the falsehood with some anonymous and palpably bogus additional letters of complaint tacked on.

Miss Wood's conduct in this whole matter has been very peculiar, to put it mildly. Knowing that the *Sun's* first article was grossly false, she refused to correct it as she ought to have done. Without wishing to charge Miss Wood with having interested herself in the Monument Fund more for the sake of advertising herself than assisting a worthy cause or of depreciating the value of her efforts, we must say that her singular behavior has given rise to the opinion among many that her zeal was not altogether unselfish. In this belief we do not share, but Miss Wood is none the less culpable for letting herself be used as a cat's paw by malicious persons.

The Dedication Committee performed their ungrateful and arduous task unselfishly and impartially. By so doing they naturally incurred the displeasure of the mendacious, the envious, the mischievous, the idle, and the chronic malcontents.

Buffalo's New Opera House.

J. W. Randolph is very successfully booking for the new Opera House, Buffalo, of which he is to be business manager. A *MIRROR* man recently had a chat with him on the prospects of the new house.

"Here is a list," said Mr. Randolph, opening his date-book, "that speaks well for the first season of the theatre. I have secured Hoodman Blind, The Golden Giant, Admiral Porter's new play, Allan Dare, Aimee in burlesque, Emily Soldene in *Pinto*, Barry and

Fay in their new play, *Jennie Yeamans* in *Our Jennie*, the Boston Ideal Opera company and Oliver Bryon. This is a pretty good list for a new venture. I am negotiating with double this number, all of just as good quality, and will close with most of them before the end of next week. I am having better success than I had looked for or hoped for. I wish to correct any impression that may exist as to the new theatre being in any respect a vaudeville house. The list of bookings I have given you should dispel the last vestige of any such impression. The place will be conducted as a strictly legitimate theatre. It is situated in the heart of the city, easy of access from the remotest suburbs, and it will cater to as varied a class of theatre-goers as any combination theatre in the country. The house, which will be a model in all departments, will seat 300, and the scale of prices will suit all pockets."

Some Remarks on Monte Cristo.

Aiden Benedict, who has had a successful season of forty-two weeks with the much-discussed play, *Monte Cristo*, is in town arranging for another tour. Mr. Benedict is a young actor of intelligence far above the average, and in presenting his case uses language direct, well chosen and to the point. While *THE MIRROR* does not take sides in the discussion over a play whose authorship or ownership is in dispute in the courts, it gives Mr. Benedict a hearing, and pauses until the law is expounded and the matter definitely settled. Mr. Benedict makes a very bold, and at the same time frank, claim to *Monte Cristo*. He presented his case to a *MIRROR* reporter as follows, in substance:

"There may be various dramatizations of the novel. Some are wide departures, but preserving the theme; others adhere closely to the text. Any one is at liberty to make dramatizations of the novels 'Monte Cristo' and 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' They are free to all and denied to none. But the dramatist who conceives new dialogue and business has rights therein; and here there is no dispute. My version of *Monte Cristo* is the product of the printed play (French's) and my own brain, with copious extracts from the novel. In the printed play there are thirty-two speaking parts. I have reduced these and still preserve a strong play. As for Mr. O'Neill's version—the *Fechter*—he is welcome to it. I wouldn't exchange if he paid me fifty dollars a week to play the *Fechter* version. I have too much faith in my own version. Recently I consulted a well-known law firm in this city as to the dramatization of English novels. Their broad reply was that the novels, for this purpose, were free as air. Now let us glance at the 'business' in plays, or novels, if you please. Mr. O'Neill claims originality in the duel scene in the last act of *Cristo*. Duels have been worn threadbare in dramas and novels. I have discarded that feature of the *Fechter* version known as the 'One, two, three'! I recognize Mr. O'Neill's right to it. In other respects I am prepared to fight for my own version.

"My next tour in *Monte Cristo* will open about Sept. 1. Much of the ground I covered last season will be gone over, as managers were all eager for return dates. I have covered the country pretty well, with the exception of the Eastern States and the Pacific Slope. For the last four months of the past season I have guaranteed patrons the return of their money and a premium if they were not satisfied with my version of *Monte Cristo*. Nobody applied. I would like to pay a compliment to the Chicago scenic artists, Sosman and Landis. They are repainting my scenery, and putting forth their best efforts."

Dockstader's Plans.

"The road season of my Minstrels, recently closed," said Lew Dockstader to a *MIRROR* reporter, "had greater success than I had expected. We played to an immense business everywhere, and, as in this city, I depended mainly on the newspapers to draw the audiences. Our only printing was a lithograph and a three-sheet bill. There was no parade. Instead of that we had an advance sale. Just think of having an advance sale of \$450 in a place like Troy! During the Summer we're going to play a few attractions here and then renovate the house. We start out again the last week in August, opening near New York."

"For next season I have already engaged Carl Rankin, Edwin French, Wilson and Cameron, Burt Shepard, E. N. Slocum and Alfred Liston. The singing band will be much stronger. There will be W. H. Frillman, Louis J. Monaco, Will Rieger, Mr. Jose, Joseph Garland and a chorus of madrigal boys, besides two or three other vocalists that I am not at liberty to name."

"I have a great many novelties to produce, and there will be a number of new scenic effects, while we shall continue to burlesque the popular crazes, the society 'fads' and the dramatic successes. I am going to get up an entertainment for the matinees especially adapted to children. I shall put on burlesques of the little stories which children know by heart, and there will be singing of baby songs and the production of pieces where the bad and the good boy are shown up in vivid colors. High chairs will be provided for the little children."

Letters to the Editor.

A FALSE RUMOR DENIED.

BOSTON, June 11, 1887.
Editor New York Mirror:—I wish to contradict the rumor, taken up by some of the New York papers, that the work on my new Grand Opera House at Boston had been impeded by a strike, as it is utterly false. Everything is going along swimmingly, and the theatre is being built under the direction of the Inspector of Buildings of Boston, and will be finished in ample time for its opening, Sept. 5.
F. F. PROCTOR.

THEY WEREN'T ALL THERE.

NEW YORK, June 14, 1887.
Editor New York Mirror:—I wish to correct a mistake that your Knoxville correspondent made in his letter to *THE MIRROR* of last week. He states that the Strangers of Paris company appeared in that city on May 31 in *The Ticket-of-Leave Man*, and gave a bad performance; also, on June 5, played *The Long Strike*. He should have said the members of the Strangers of Paris company who were still in Knoxville, at the prospectus, Prudence Cole, Emma Lewis and Frank Tanshill, Sr., were in that city at the time. From this fact I should judge that the performance was very bad. Hoping you will make this correction.

tion, that the blame of bad performance may not rest on the shoulders of members of the late Strangers of Paris company who were in Knoxville on the dates mentioned.
I remain, yours truly,
JOHN GUNN,
Business Manager late Strangers of Paris Company.

MISS RICE AND MANAGER CARLETON.
BUFFALO, June 9, 1887.

Editor New York Mirror:—Will you kindly give me space to correct the statement appearing in this week's issue of *THE MIRROR* to the effect that "Miss Fanny Rice closed her connection with the Carleton Opera company on the 11th inst."

The facts are, Miss Rice closes her present engagement with me at the termination of my forty-two week season on June 18, and resumes her position in my company on Sept. 15. In fact, nearly all my company are re-engaged for the season of '87-'88. Miss Rice's engagement at the Casino is for a period intervening between my two seasons. Yours very truly,
W. T. CARLETON.

"PUNCH" WHEELER'S "JUMPS."

DEAR *MIRROR*:—While over in Canada yesterday I played twenty-five games of pool with an American bank amateur. As he lost every game I thought he must run short of funds; so I advised him to go back to America and rob another bank while I waited for him. Prescott is a lively town. The only amusement I saw while there was a bulky horse in front of the hotel, the local manager told me of the man's intentions he will make in his house for next season. He intends to put a lot of time in the dressing-room. I met the agent of the Emma Carleton Comedy company. They now travel by water. The company got the week ahead of the agent, and he came to see me with a lantern; said he had been looking all over the country for his party and did not know whether they had been or not. He told me that he needed money as a side speculation. The next day he came to see me (only interfered with the Rolla Ryan combination of one people) that his mother has gone in advance. For the next few weeks I will man the *Rolla Ryan* Low London company. The next day he came to see me. A Business Fresh in this profession. Deacon, the bridge-jumper, will make a leap every day at 3 o'clock from the top of a theatre into a canvas net gazed by eighteen men in the street below. This jump is supposed to be a reproduction of his leap over the London performance from London Tower into the Thames. I have never seen the play, but will have the jump written for him. Mr. Deacon is now playing a new engagement of three months at the Casino in New York. I had him sent to keep pirates from stealing my new theatrical act for next season.

Truly yours,
"PUNCH" WHEELER.

"STRANGLERS" IN HARD LOCK.

KNOXVILLE, TENN., June 9.

Editor New York Mirror:—Will you please give me an opportunity of exposing our grifts through the medium of your valuable paper? You have, no doubt, heard of the collapse of Harry Mortimer's Strangers of Paris company. After bringing us here without a cent in our pockets, he, with a great deal of dignity, advised him to go back to America and could not get out of town, notwithstanding the fact that he owed the members of the company sums ranging from one to four hundred dollars. He promised the me, here, to make the money, but he got home all right, if he had to take them over by force, and to make us feel easy he said he would be responsible for our hotel bills.

When, after treating us in the meanest and most contemptible manner, utterly ignoring our claims and forgetting his responsibility, he quietly left the town on Saturday morning, June 4. We were left penniless, with his expenses on our shoulders, which we will have to settle before we can get our trunks and our money. The "good and square manager" had his trunk sent out of town the day before the seizure. And to make matters worse, he told the landlord of the Lonsdale House that he did not owe the company a cent, and that they must handle for themselves. A subscription was taken up by some of the citizens, but it fell into Mortimer's hands and he used it for his private expenses, as he never gave a cent of it. Those of the company who have been for their homes have done so by the assistance of friends and relatives. Not one of them was assisted by the "square and upright" manager. The few who are here now are busily engaged in working out a plan to get out of the city. Those of the company who have been for their homes have done so by the assistance of friends and relatives. Not one of them was assisted by the "square and upright" manager. The few who are here now are busily engaged in working out a plan to get out of the city. Those of the company who have been for their homes have done so by the assistance of friends and relatives. Not one of them was assisted by the "square and upright" manager. The few who are here now are busily engaged in working out a plan to get out of the city.

Trusting that you will give us a hearing, we remain yours, most respectfully,

GEORGE BALLEW,
STEFAN WRIGHT,
T. W. BARCKE,
JOHN J. WILLIAMS.

THE SCHOOL OF ACTING.

3110 JEFFERSON STREET,
PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 1, 1887.

Editor New York Mirror:—

DEAR SIR:—Picking up *THE MIRROR* of the 24th, I noticed a series of charges against the New York School of Acting and its director, Franklin H. Sargent. Now, as you seem to be desirous of being just in your criticisms, I hope you will accept a small statement which may go to support the other side. I believe in a School of Acting, and I believe most thoroughly in the New York School of Acting. I have been in the past a scholar in Mr. Sargent's school for a short period, leaving it on receiving an offer to enter the profession. During that time I received the best of attention. I consider Mr. Sargent an enthusiastic and conscientious hard worker, and I also believe his methods to be good sound ones.

Before entering the School he had repeated the old story, that entrance into the profession was very difficult, that the School did not exist, and that to get engagements for pupils was said to be so many words, and that it did not even guarantee to make actors and actresses out of them, but to provide systematic instruction in the various branches of the art by the aid of which entrance into the profession was an easy step.

He also detailed the difficulty of getting a New York engagement, but that he did not believe he could for the people, and sometimes he did not even get a cent. He would get engagements in the city during the Winter for pupils, which helped with their expenses. I found this to be true after I had entered the School. There is much to be disappointed in a profession, but it is an easy emotional sophistry that transfers the shortcomings of the pupil into a fault of the teacher. As to students going to agents to obtain engagements, I have no account of their connection with the N. Y. S. of A. was warned of personally by Mr. Sargent, but on these grounds, and I believe to be true ones. The fact of Mr. Sargent interviewing managers and seeking engagements for the student, makes him a great deal more an opposition to agents, and they naturally feel an antipathy to any movement which puts amateurs, no matter how worthy, into positions which they would like to fill with professionals.

I say again, I think Mr. Sargent an enthusiastic, conscientious worker in his School, and very desirous to help his pupils to the best he can secure for them, and not afraid to explain or set forth his methods to public examination. I think his School is fulfilling a good purpose, and hope it may live and prosper to be the beginning of a larger issue and a system of training a breeding of dramatic art that are sadly needed in the professional circles. Yours most respectfully,
VICTOR T. WILSON.

JUNE 2, 1887.

Editor New York Mirror:—

DEAR SIR:—I entered the Lyceum School of Acting the day of its opening, Oct. 1, 1886, but owing to illness I was obliged to be absent during a great part of the term. The following year I attended the School once under its new name, New York School of Acting, and I am anxious to state that throughout my entire connection with it I never had reason to feel that the director, Mr. F. H. Sargent, failed so far as it was in his power, to do all he could for the welfare and future advancement of the pupils.

In regard to finding engagements for students, he has to my knowledge always shown himself anxious to do them in every possible way to secure them positions whenever they proved themselves capable of filling them, and I believe he has frequently done this at the expense of his own time and money, and has never been obliged to do so, for I never knew of his receiving such a thing as any one. Expressions of interest and good-will may have been misconstrued into promises by some.

That there have been defects of system must be admitted, but this was surely unavoidable, as Mr. Sargent's effort to establish a thorough, practical dramatic school has been the first use of any importance in this country, and consequently many of his ideas were new to it were necessarily experimental, and I think we the pupils of the School, should look beyond any trifling inconvenience we may have experienced, and realize the motives that underlay the providing and maintaining of the New York School of Acting in the face of disengagement and difficulty before which few would not have shrunk and retired. That the defects are not irreparable is certain, and another year will probably see many and important improvements.

When I state that though I graduated from the School one year ago, I myself have not yet had an engagement, my disengagement and my present position are justice does are evident. Yours truly,
VICTOR T. WILSON.

The Amateur Stage.

REVIEW OF THE SEASON OF 1886-1887.

The Lexington Avenue Opera House is not by any means an ideal establishment for amateurs. The acoustic properties are simply abominable, and the chairs in the auditorium are all on a level, as the hall was primarily intended for public balls. The dancing facilities have made the place popular with societies that lay more stress on the "reception" after the dramatic entertainment than on the performance itself. Societies, however, that are ambitious of emulating the histrionic success of Brooklyn organizations merely tolerate the Opera House because they cannot help themselves. The long-mooted plan of building a theatre for amateurs in New York has never reached the stage of specifications. The perennial millionaire backer does not seem to invest in the living present, and his money-bags partake largely of repertorial imagination.

Several seasons ago the Mimosa and Amateur League vowed they would stand the thralldom of the Fifty-ninth street establishment no longer. They gave a series of performances at the Academy of Music which were most successful from an artistic standpoint, but the heavy drafts on the exchequer proved disastrous to their financial condition. The Mimosa succumbed entirely, and the amateur League has not cared to repeat the venture. It is owing to this lack of encouragement that some of the most talented New York amateurs have preferred to become identified with Brooklyn societies.

There were no performances of any consequence at the Lexington Avenue Opera House this season during the month of October. On November 5 the Arlington League presented Married Lite with a professional cast, and adhered to this innovation at the subsequent entertainment on Jan. 14, when professionals interpreted the comedy of Paried; consequently this society can lay no claim to an amateur record except in its terpsichorean achievements after the performance.

The York opened its fifth season with A Life's Trial on Nov. 9 and the audience survived the melodramatic ordeal. The piece on Dec. 22 consisted of Nan the Good-for-Nothing and Smith and Brown, which were decidedly more entertaining, especially the acting of Nan by Julia Albanesi, a lady who always proves an acquisition to the average amateur cast. The last performance of the York occurred on Jan. 3, when The Gold Mine, an original play by Irene Ackerman, was presented for the first time in New York. L. Baer's singing of the pathetic ballad, "Sunshine and Storm," was so overwhelming in its startling originality that the composer, Fred. Lyster, collapsed in the conductor's chair, and fell to the floor overcome with emotion. Mr. Lyster was never the same man afterward, and finally fled to Europe in Max Freeman's dress pants.

The Amateur League gave a very mediocre performance of Used Up on Nov. 15, but showed to better advantage in Michael Erie on Dec. 21, and in the closing entertainment, The Wedding March, on March 10.

A communication has been sent to THE MIRROR, in which it is claimed that the Amateur League will accomplish great things next season. *Noni diffusi!* The Phoenix Lyceum gave a creditable performance of Hazel Kirke on Nov. 23, and She Stoops to Conquer was ably presented by St. Peter's Literary Union during the same month. Sol G. Frost won special distinction as Tony Lumpkin. The two best performances at this house during November were The Crushed Tragedian, on Nov. 16, by the Hawthorne, and Robert Macaire by the Rivals, on Nov. 23. The cast of The Crushed Tragedian comprised L. M. Warner, Charles Splitdorf, J. Palmer Collins, John Hatfield, J. Wilson Conroy, Carroll J. King, Harry Currier, John F. Renwick, Robert S. de Coster, Estelle Brandon, Bertha Frohisher, Kate Donohue and May Elbert. In Robert Macaire appeared Frank Thonger, Fred. Schaefer, Edward J. Price, Charles F. Gibney, Harry M. Tilford, Michael Holtz, George L. Tilford, George W. Beam, Mrs. G. Bruce Gillie and Miss R. Popjay.

The League of Amateur Dramatic Societies bobbled up serenely on Dec. 28 with Fair Heart Never Won Fair Lady and Loan of a Lover. The various societies were represented by Harriette Lawson and Fanny Friedman, from the Amateur League; Frank Thonger, Frederick Schaefer and Louise S. Woolley, from the Rival; C. Thaxter Hill and Albertine Walters, from the Bulwer; T. F. Hayden, from the Booth; James Cooper and Hannah O'Keefe, from the Greenwich; T. A. Madden, from the Greenwood; W. S. Guthrie, from the Garrick, and Captain J. Gordon Emmons, from the Jersey City Dramatic Club.

The most notable affair during January was the performance of Money by a new organization sailing under the initials of E. D. and C. C., which, properly interpreted, means the Early Dude and Comedy Club. The cast was made up of picked amateurs, comprising besides Edward J. Burke (the chief undertaker of the E. D. and C. C.), H. H. Gardner, Dean Pratt, Francis Norris, Solomon G. Frost, Douglas Montgomery, Boyd Everett, George R. Lamb, James Pavaon King, Marie Lamb, Hattie F. Neffin and Mary Kingsley. The walls of the Opera House were beautifully decorated with paintings, tapestries and handsome rugs. The hall seemed transformed as if by magic, and no one would have recognized its usual barn-like proportions.

The Leroy gave a praiseworthy representation of Paried on Jan. 21. On February 8 the Greenwich Amateur Opera company presented the Chimes of Normandy for the Literary Union. W. W. Savage aroused great enthusiasm as Gaspard. It is only fair to state that he had acted the role many times in a professional capacity. The entire cast, as well as the chorus, contributed to the success of the opera. The principals included Hannah M. O'Keefe, Kate Swan, Eugene Clarke, James R. Cooper, Charles A. Hetzel, M. M. Cooper and J. H. Downing.

The Hawthorne scored a second success in The Fool's Revenge on February 18. The cast included Charles Splitdorf, R. B. Throckmorton, John C. Costello, Dr. Warner, Harry Currier, Marie Foster, Helen Sweeney, John Martin and Miss Ryan.

The Bulwer, which gave its opening performance at Manhattan Hall, presented David Garrick at the Lexington Avenue Opera House on March 15, with Thomas Platt in the title role. The Rival did not repeat the favorable result of its first entertainment, as The Luccashire Lass, which was attempted on April 12, was badly done.

The last performance of any consequence at this hall was the representation of The Honey-moon by the League of Amateur Dramatic Societies on Friday evening, April 22, when the honors were carried off by Thomas Platt, Hannah O'Keefe, Agnes Boyton, Will N. Holmes and Frank Thonger. Without invidious comparison, it may be said that the Hawthorne has captured the pennant, having challenged criticism in both comedy and tragedy without suffering a single defeat. Still, its task is somewhat similar to that of the little boy who was putting on airs on account of being first in his class, and when urged for particulars, reluctantly admitted that the class consisted of only two.

The Greenwich had no rival among New York amateurs in operatic performances. Consequently it captured the tinsel pennant. The E. D. and C. C. distanced all competitors in point of decorative art, but it also took first rank in another particular. The cast of Money contained more distinguished amateurs than any other programme at this place during the season.

Lastly, the performances of the League of Amateur Dramatic Societies were also of a commendable character. It follows, therefore, that the entire amateur family should be satisfied with the result of our verniet.

The Cavalier and the Cowboy.

In the park of St. James',
With high-sounding names,
Gay cavaliers oft used to ramble;
In feathers and lace,
Long curls roused their faces,
And swords were ready to handle.

To quarrel and fight,
Was their special delight,
No matter how slight the occasion,
And they'd swagger and swear,
But it mattered not where,
And drew blood upon slightest provocation.

They lived by their wits,
With coats and girths of skin,
If on bills they'd not great an extension;
All the days cards and dice,
And of nights other vice,
No so clear or so easy to mention.

The gay rowdy is fast,
No accomplishment lacking,
To be in our eyes quite as full;
In their ways and their vice
And costumes so nice,
With the cowboy we read of to-day.

Now it chanced that a show
Owed by Bill Buffalo
And others who started the notion,
Were packed in a ship,
Started off on a trip
To London by way of the ocean.

To speak of the throes
Of those sick and sad,
Is not what I'm anxious to tell;
But suffice it to say,
For a week and a day
They suffered the tortures of—hell.

At last they got there,
Horses, redskins and bear,
And cowboys who did save their skins;
But description would fail,
Of great chiefs looking pale,
All the curl taken out of scalp-locks.

Set loose on the tundra,
They roamed up and down,
Lance dancing a warlike cotillion;
Cowboys getting frisky,
On the best of Scotch whisky,
Painting loads on a ruddy villon.

At the show set a seat,
That's undisturbed by elite—
Who pronounce it "a go" with *et al*;
And say to each other,
As they gaze at the cover,
Do Americans all dress like that?

Now, one night very late,
Is a so-called state,
Ruck Taylor walked home thro' the park,
And was rather surprised
To see what he surmised,
Some other cow youth on a lark.

This youth, he looked like,
He had nothing within,
To prevent Ruck Taylor from viewing
The grass and the trees
And saw—lamps—trees,
For when he looked at he looked thro' him.

He was booted and spurred,
Tho' used never a word,
Which cowboys, as a rule, greet each other;
But "Uddo boodoo!"
Which means, "Well, I'm blomed!"
I'm your son one year old little brother.

"And I really can't see,
Between you and me,
In spite of the time that is dead,
What improvements appear,
In manners or gear,
On the rowdies too years dead."

So let's both take a drink,
Before back I must kick,
'Mongst spirits as choice and as airy;
Is wine, I'll toast,
And tho' only a ghost,
Can slow away quarts of Canary."

"But let's all away well,
Says Ruck Taylor, 'old fel',
There's a dought of changes of late;
For you gussie wine,
Whereas 'ot put' is mine,
Which is whiskey, and that I take straight!"

CHARLES KERT.

Dick Gorman applied to the management of the Madison Square Garden Pinafore for the part of the Silent Marine, and was informed that the original Marine, Bob Fraser, had been engaged. Mr. Gorman claims to be the original—in the real ship, real water performance at Providence in the early days of the opera. However, Mr. Gorman is not crushed by his disappointment, and simply says that he is glad that somebody is profiting by an innovation that came about under peculiar circumstances "so many years ago."

George Starr, manager of the Starr Opera company, was in the city for a few days last week. His company is playing a Summer season at Forepaugh's New Casino, Philadelphia. Mr. Starr says the capacity of the place has been tested whenever the weather has been favorable, and that it now looks as if the season would run through the Summer. Mr. Starr will continue in the management of the Criterion Theatre, Brooklyn, next season, and present a variety of attractions, including a generous slice of comic opera.

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Fort Scott, Kas.	14,000	900	W. P. Patterson
Hutler, Mo.	3,000	800	Los Kinney
Parsons, Kas.	13,000	900	J. M. Baird
Webb City, Mo.	4,000	600	James R. Kille
Paola, Kas.	4,000	600	L. D. White
Joplin, Mo.	13,000	900	H. H. Haven
Rich Hill, Mo.	6,000	500	T. D. Sanderson

W. P. PATTERSON, President, Fort Scott, Kas.

LOT, L. BAIRD, Secretary, Parsons, Kas.

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London News and Gossip.

LONDON, June 2, 1887.

All sorts and conditions of extra-special attractions have been put forth by metropolitan and suburban show-runners this week in order to capture holiday-folk who have been making more or less merry over Whit-tide. Thanks, partly to the excellence of the programme provided, and partly to the mostly dull weather that has ruled, show-folk have done better than might have been expected.

But if no sunshine (or very little) has appeared to threaten managers with decreased receipts, terrors of another kind have been rife among them. These terrors were inspired by rumors to the effect that more or less great, good and glorious Board of Works awakened to a sense of its duty by reason of the terrible Paris Opera Comique fire, had vowed to inconspicuously close at least half of the London theatres, with a view to make the lessees of such houses put them in order, and to encourage other managers to provide necessary safeguards against fire and panic. Now any arrangement that might, could, would or should tend to this end were a consummation devoutly to be wished; but past experience of our Board of Works has shown that when ever this body is awakened from its corrupt lethargy and made to sit up and snort, it generally adopts the Quixotic method of laying about it vigorously without regard to whom it hits or whom it misses. Past experience has shown that on these occasions the Board as often as not drops on to some house which might very well be left unmolested, and to make amends leaves alone some other house notorious for its lack of all proper precaution, and then doses off again until the recurrence of another calamity once more arouses the voice of public opinion. Whether the Board will adopt this method on the present occasion I, of course, cannot say; but if it came to waging I know which side I should like to bet on.

At the latter end of last week, after my letter had been despatched, four new plays were put forward for sampling. Of these, two—Miles, a farce, and Lady Deane, a drama—were produced at St. George's, last Thursday night. Mention of their names is all that need be given them. They proved unworthy of detailed criticism, and so, merely chronicling the fact of their production, I shall pass on to the other two, which were performed at the Vaudeville on Friday. These were a three-act farce called *The Skeleton*, and a one-act drama called *After*. The *Skeleton* was billed as founded on the German of Von Moser, by Austin Stannus and Yorke Stephens, and was understood in the theatre to be an adaptation of Haroun-al-Raschid, a play I have not yet met. If this be so, these two adapters have probably somewhat discounted two versions of the same original said to be, respectively, in the possession of Sydney Grundy and of Everett Lawrence, the lady who was concerned in the preparing of the much-adapted Von Moser's *Ultimo* for the English market. The production may also, I should say, affect American speculators and adapters, for French the elder informs me that he has his eye on certain of the rights, and he, as a rule, doesn't deal in the dark.

Yorke Stephens, the part adapter of the piece in question, has not to my recollection had his name on any bill before in this connection. But he was understood to have had something to do just after his return from America with a hurried adaptation of *Der Swabenstreich*, which was put on at a Globe matinee just before the *Dalys* first came here. This was called *The Hurlbury*, and Herman Hendricks was responsible for the actual work of adaptation. The *Hurlbury* would, it was thought, rather interfere with *Dalys*' production in London of his version of *Der Swabenstreich*, which, in your land, was called *7 to 8* and in ours bore the title of *Castling a Boom-crang*.

But to return to our *Skeleton*. And first, I may tell you, that the Austin Stannus of the *Skeleton* bill is but a non-de-programme chosen by Clotilda Graves, sister to the wife of William Greet, the business manager for Willie Edwards and Co., who, by the way, are not doing any business just now, as they have no theatre. Miss Graves was until recently a member of the Gaiety company, but of late has devoted herself to the writing of lively verse, short stories, and now, as we see, to playmaking. The *Skeleton*, like all farcical pieces of the kind, shows you a rash young husband who, having become engaged with a fast young lady, finds through three acts the greatest difficulty of proving to his wife and mother-in-law that he has not been unfaithful to his marriage-vows. The complications of situations and relations involved in the process of working out were exceedingly amusing. Indeed, some parts of the play provoked the heartiest laughter, and would be some chance for the play on the road if it were properly constructed, which was at the time very vague and muddled.

The cast was made up of the following:—Marino, who was a very successful and vol-

In the rash husband's cupboard. The said circus-riders were represented by Helen Layton (Mrs. Yorke Stephens). She dashed through the part merrily enough, but hardly fulfilled its inner humorous requirements. The other principal parts were well acted by Yorke Stephens, Richard Purdon, Hamilton Astley, Lewis Walker, Florence West and Mrs. Charles Poole.

After, which was the title of the afterpiece of the afternoon, was by Dr. Scott-Battams, whose two previous contributions to the stage were full of "shop"—doctor's shop. This time, however, he forsook surgery medicine and took the stage for his theme, happily with greater success than he has hitherto achieved. The leading character, who had nearly all the piece to herself, was an actress who has vowed to have revenge on a certain noble lord, who, some years before, had betrayed her sister, and left her to die. Her revenge consisted in luring the wicked lord on to love her, and then, just when he thinks he is at the height of his success, she springs her dead sister's portrait upon him and gives him several bits of her mind. Also she ruins his chances of marrying money, and altogether gives him a bad quarter of an hour. The fascinating but sometimes ferocious actress was powerfully played by Sophie Eyre, whose melodramatic method has rarely been seen to such advantage in a modern play. Sophie received splendid support from Bassett Roe and Mrs. C. L. Carson.

The last new theatre arranged to be put up on Shaftesbury avenue (which ought really be rechristened Playhouse avenue) is one to be built by Mr. Lancaster, husband of the popular actress, Miss Wallis. Austin Brereton, dramatic critic and journalist, author of a by-life of Henry Irving, and husband of Edith Blaisdell, is to be the manager of the new house.

Mr. Galety Edwards has engaged a tremendous company to support Mrs. James Brown-Potter at his theatre. Among those secured, since my last, for the cast of *Pauline de Brüssel* are Kyrie Bellew, James Fernandez and Julia Gwynne. Mrs. B.-P.'s season was announced to begin on June 30, but I have just this moment heard that it may have to be postponed for a week or two, as the piece, which has been adapted by Herman Merivale, has been sent back to him for structural alterations.

The great function of the week was, of course, the production of *Werner* at the Lyceum yesterday afternoon for the benefit of the veteran poet-playwright, Dr. Westland Marston, the lately distressed and sorrow-stricken author of *Anne Blake*, *The Patrician's Daughter*, *Strathmore*, and so on. Many wondered why Irving elected to put on Lord Byron's gloomy tragedy instead of one of the benefit-taker's own clever dramas. And up to the time of going to press no public pronouncement had soothed the curiosity of the wonderers. I have a theory that Irving was moved to this act by two reasons—(1) yearning to play a character in which Macready is said to have scored so heavily; and (2) that advisers with an unaccountable enthusiasm for this worst of Byron's dramatic efforts, urged Irving on and on to attempt the task. Be that as it may, as much of London Culchaw as could get into the Lyceum got there yesterday to see what Irving and company would make of *Werner*. Poets, peers, politicians, players and pressmen were there in large numbers; and right bravely did they set out this mournful play, which had been cut, carved and written up in certain scenes by Frank Marshall, dramatic critic, Elizabethan Student, author of *False Shame*, and husband of Ada Cavendish. Whether it was worth while for Marshall to bestow all this care upon the piece, or whether his work was wanted at all, is open to question; but one thing was universally admitted, that with every respect to the ashes of Bard Byron, Marshall's writings-in were much more dramatic and live than that in the play he had patched.

I will not bore MIRROR readers with details of the story of *Werner*. Those who are old enough will remember that when our Macready visited the States and had trouble with your Macready, which his name was Edwin Forrest, he often played *Werner*; and those who are not old enough may be referred to the works of Byron or to a copy of this especial play as sold in your East Fourteenth street. Suffice it to say that at the Lyceum the mounting was so magnificent, the dresses so rich and accurate, the stage-set so perfect that one might have thought Irving had put on the piece with a view to a long run rather than for one day. But this sort of thing is characteristic of the Lyceum. They always do things there *en prince*.

The play had been cast with every care, even Ellen Terry consenting, out of respect to Westland Marston, to play the part of Mrs. Werner, otherwise Josephine—a part at which many a chorus-girl I know would tip-tilt her nose with disdain. Irving had evidently bestowed most minute study upon the character of the woe-worn *Werner*, but with the exception of some wonderful facial play, did not score as is his wont. Irving is a great—perhaps the greatest—character-actor, whether in tragic or comic parts, as witness his *Duboc* and *Louise* in *The Lyons Mail*, and his

Louis XI. (which last he repeated with tremendous success last Saturday). But the character of *Werner* is a dead-level of dreariness, and only a player of the massive declamatory type could make points in it. Irving all the time impressed you with the notion that he was making superhuman inward efforts to move you and to make you think he was not Irving but *Werner*. But you couldn't get Irving out of your mind, chiefly, perhaps, because there was something in the character that would impel him to drop into many of his old mannerisms of speech and gait; just as he does whenever he revives his first great success, *The Bells*. Only as Mathias he has greater chances of weird intensity, a kind of thing in which he revels. In short, Irving's *Werner* cannot be pronounced a success, although it had several fine moments.

Miss Terry, who, shame to say, had to make up somewhat old, of course did charmingly the little she had to do. George Alexander made a hit as the hardened son, Ulric. T. Wenman was a picturesque Gabor and Charles Glenay a really fine villain Stralenheim. When I asked stage-manager Loveday if it was Irving's intention to try *Werner* on the Americans, he said it might be found useful here and there on the road. So perhaps you may see it. *News Verrier*! GAWAIN.

Gossip of the Town.

Gus Pitou and family will spend the Summer at Bath, L. I.

E. M. Dasher will again be in advance of Gus Williams.

Forepaugh's Circus opens at Erastus, Staten Island, on June 28.

Helen Lee has signed with Joseph Murphy for next season.

Bertie Damon has arrived in the city from her home in Kansas City.

Herrmann has concluded to remain another week at the Bijou Opera House.

Kate Foley Evans has returned to the city after a long sojourn in Texas and the West.

Edward R. Marsden, late of the Lizzie Evans company, goes with R. B. Mantell next season.

Alice Brown, juveniles for Robson and Crane the past season, is at liberty for next season.

Daisy Wood and Baby Wood have been engaged by Charles T. Ellis for his play, *The Yodier*.

J. Duke Murray, Milton Nobles' business manager, has gone to his home in Chicago for the Summer.

Alice Grey, recently of the Boston Museum and Wallack's, is at liberty for heavier and first old women.

Sarah McVicker will produce *Pleaser*, the Queen of the Mines, at Tony Pastor's Theatre on next Monday.

Joseph Brooks will spend a few weeks with his family at Old Point Comfort, Va., leaving for that place to day (Thursday).

Mrs. J. R. Healy is at liberty for next season. Mrs. Healy has a fine representation as an exponent of old-women roles.

Pleasure Island, the new Summer resort taken by Messrs. Hayden, Dickson and Roberts, will open its season on July 2.

W. T. Sheehan is engaged to do acrobatics with Joseph Murphy next season. He left for his home in Cincinnati last night.

Mrs. Rachel McAuley has again placed upon the market her late husband's play, *Uncle Dan*, the Messenger from Jarvis Section.

Mrs. Henry Holland (Ethel Greybrooke) has been seriously ill at her home with an affection of the lungs, but is now convalescent.

Frank Lawton, last season with Sol Smith Russell, has been engaged by Hoyt and Thomas to play the Station Agent in *A Hole in the Ground*.

Miss E. M. Hornby, one of the contralto singers of St. Thomas' Church, has been engaged by Hoyt and Thomas for their *Hole in the Ground*.

Howard MacNutt has been re-engaged as business manager of Dockstader's Minstrels. Mr. MacNutt will spend the Summer in the Adirondacks.

Louis M. Frey has been engaged as treasurer of Winnett's Great Wrong company. William Black, with *Passion's Slave* last season, goes in advance.

May Penheld has just closed a successful season with E. A. McDowell, and is spending the Summer at her parents' country residence at Glen Cove, L. I.

For his Fall road season Tony Pastor has engaged The Donnels, Irish team; Major Newell, the skatolral dancer; Harry La Rose and the Coulson Sisters.

Tony Pastor closed his season in Chicago on Saturday night last, and leaves for Europe in a couple of weeks, returning in time to start on the road again in September.

Harry Meredith will revive *Ranch 20* at the Boston Theatre next week. Foster Farrar is the manager. The play was very successfully presented at the Boston a few seasons ago.

Jacquette, which is running along to good houses at Wallack's Theatre, has been considerably cut since the opening night, the audience now being dismissed before eleven o'clock.

Natural Gas is the name of a new skit that will introduce Donnelly, Gilbert and Girard, Kate Castleton's late Crazy Patch comedians, to that part of the community that goes to the theatre to laugh.

The Eaves Costume Company are making the costumes for Thatcher, Primrose and West's Minstrels. They will be more brilliant than anything heretofore seen in the performances of this troupe.

W. H. Alexander and William T. Moore are organizing a specialty company for the van-deville theatre, and have already engaged the Stebbins Brothers, Dan Mason and several European novelties.

The following people have been engaged to support Henry Chanfrau in his coming engagements in New York: Clara Reynolds, Bertie Willis, Emily Bancker, Little Birdie Black, T. G. Patton, James Garry, Odell Williams, Robert McNeil, R. C. Varian, E. J. Ratcliffe, W. B. Alexander, W. H. Turner and C. J. Jackson; also a troupe of Jubilee singers.

Joseph Garland is organizing a company of minstrels, consisting of eleven well-known black-face artists, including himself, Billy Birch, Frank Lawton, P. C. Short, Harry Maxwell, Pete Mack and others, to make a tour of the watering-places.

Frank Curtis has taken the management of Mme. Janaschek. Guy Mannering will be the only drama presented next season, and Madame will be heavily billed as *Mademoiselle*. The cast will be unusually strong, and the adjuncts of scenery and other effects will be very elaborate.

The Still Alarm, a local comedy drama, will open the coming season at the Fourteenth Street Theatre. The play will be staged by Ben Teal and new scenery will be painted. The opening will occur late in August, or early in September. A novel scene in the piece will be the representation of an engine-house with trained horses.

Among other attractions, A. L. Erlanger has booked for the New People's Theatre, Brooklyn, E. D., the following: Mrs. D. P. Bowers (who opens the season), Effie Ellier, Gus Williams, The Two Johns, Henry Chanfrau, Jennie Yeamans, Edwin Mayo, the Salisbury Troubadours, John F. Ward and Sweatnam, Rice and Fagan's Minstrels.

K. G. Gilmore sailed for Europe yesterday (Wednesday) on the *Thurs*. He will bring over the scenery, costumes and properties for *Le Bossu* (The Duke's Motto), which he produces at Niblo's Garden on August 15. While he is away he will visit London, Paris and Vienna, and then go to Dublin with Henry E. Abbey to see Sarah Bernhardt's reception there in July.

Barry and Fay open for two weeks at the Boston Theatre, August 15. Their repertoire will consist of Irish Aristocracy and an entirely new play by Fred. G. Maeder, which is a continuation of the other comedy. Their route has been again laid through Texas and the South. On July 11 they open a short preliminary season at Long Branch.

The Lizzie Evans company closed a season of forty-four weeks in Westfield, Mass., on Monday night. In a very brief comment on it Manager Callahan said: "We went out, we stayed out, and we came in. Beyond these points of appeal I have nothing to advance, except that in E. J. Swart's comedy, *Our Angel*, we have struck what we have been seeking for several years—a really strong play, with a character that fits Miss Evans like a glove."

Era Kendall will open a Summer season at Dockstader's next Monday in *A Pair of Kids*. New scenery is being painted. The company will comprise Arthur and Jennie Dunn, Thomas Jackson, Josie Langley, the Lucier Family, Mattie T. Fox, W. H. Hatter, Gustave App, Estelle Hatter and W. I. Clark. Gerald Macklin has been engaged as leader of the orchestra. Mr. Kendall has rented the theatre, and will run the play all Summer if the business will permit.

Frank Tannehill, Jr., has organized a company for the Ocean circuit. It opened last (Wednesday) night at Long Branch. This week will be devoted to *The Private Secretary*, and next week to *The Rajah*. The company includes M. A. Kennedy, H. A. Moray, George W. Kvie, T. A. Wise, Herbert Ayling, Thomas Curran, Minnie Radcliffe, Marion Russell and Mary Myers. George L. Harrison is manager.

Gus Frohman closed his May Blossom season at Fort Arthur, Manitoba, on May 31, and arrived in the city with his company last Saturday, after a week's trip through the lakes at the invitation of Mary Hamilton, the star. The play of *The Actor's Daughter*, or *A Chip of the Old Block*, was produced in Manitoba, and succeeded so well that it will most probably be seen in this city the coming season. Mr. Frohman says he holds a copyright to the sub-title.

On Sunday morning last John T. McKeever, the treasurer of the Madison Square Theatre, was married quietly to Frances Bishop, the soubrette star, at St. Luke's Church, on Hudson street in this city, the ceremony being performed by the Rev. Isaac H. Tuttle. After the services a wedding dinner was given to a few relatives at No. 307 West Forty-sixth street. Among the wedding presents received was one from the employees and members of the regular company of the Madison Square Theatre, in the shape of a set of solid silver knives, forks and spoons.

On June 27 John J. Jennings will appear in a new melodramatic comedy in three acts, at Tony Pastor's Theatre. It is entitled *Bijah Frisby*, and in it Mr. Jennings will play a character somewhat similar to that of Denman Thompson in *The Old Homestead*, though it is claimed there is no imitation of either the character or the play. The first act of the play is laid on a New England farm. The second act is laid in the Grand Union Hotel, Saratoga, and the third act at Coney Island—a view being given of the Elephant and the Iron Pier. For the week of July 4 Frank Howard will appear at the theatre in *Sam'l of Posee*; on July 11 the Electric Minstrels appear, and on July 18 Harry and John Kernell will be seen in their new play, *The Two Lame Ducks*.

Maude Banks, daughter of the Massachusetts General and statesman, recently closed a long and successful starring tour (forty weeks) under the management of Atkinson and Cook. The season closed at Chelsea, Mass., on May 31, with a performance of *Joan of Arc*, with Miss Banks in the role of the unfortunate Maid of Orleans. The success of the production was such as to determine the managers to undertake extensive preparations for the

presentation of the play next season. *Joan of Arc* will be presented as a romantic and spectacular tragedy, with Miss Banks in the title role. The play will be elaborately and expensively equipped with new scenery and costumes, and will be seen principally in the wick stands.

First Message from the Balloon.

FROM THE CLOUDS.

"The World's" Aerial Expedition Makes a Startling Discovery—A Star of Magnificent Brilliance Appears.

THOMSONVILLE, Ill., June 15.

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I picked up the following in my camp at 6 A.M.

HEN. TIBBITTS, Township Trustee.

N. Y. WORLD BALLOON, In the Clouds, June 15, 4 A.M.

First Discovery.—At 3 A.M., June 15, theatrical constellation, 4°—right ascension, 247°—declination, a star of the first magnitude, which on close examination proved to be Jovian VESPAZIAN, "Ours Jovian." By this discovery we are placed in possession of observations which prove that this luminary is approaching the earth with great velocity. Close and accurate computation shows that she will be distinctly visible to people of the United States in her glorious radiance from September of this year until June of next.

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